THE SPHERE

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No. 1777

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

FEB. 10
1934

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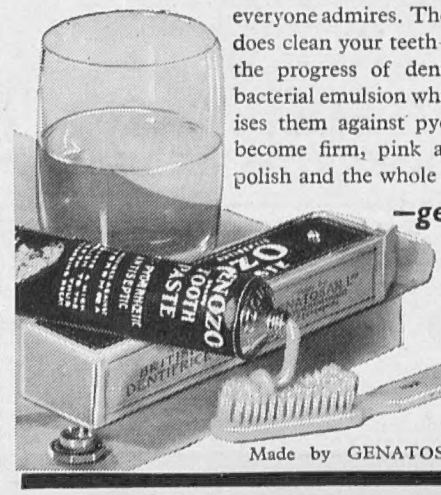

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 10, 1934

THE "FLIGHT" OF GOLD

Unloading Bullion from one of the Fleet of Air Liners which Brought 15 Tons of the Precious Metal from the Continent to London this Week

This time last year there was a gold boom, and now, once again, business is brisk in mining shares; the sterling price of gold has rocketed to the new high level of 140s. per fine oz.; and all over the country the attractive price ruling is bringing tens of thousands of pounds' worth of the metal out of hoarding. The flow of gold from the Continent to London has been particularly noteworthy, and, on Tuesday of this week, twelve air liners from Paris, Amsterdam, and Brussels, guided through the mist by rockets, landed at Croydon with 15 tons of bullion valued at over £3,500,000. The Royal Dutch Air Liner shown in this picture brought twenty boxes of gold weighing 1¾ tons and worth nearly £500,000. This movement was largely the result of the keen demand for bullion here, much of which was being purchased for shipment to New York in order to take advantage of the present official price of 35 dollars an oz. offered by the U.S. Government. *(An article on the Gold Boom by C. Patrick Thompson will be found on p. 188)*

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

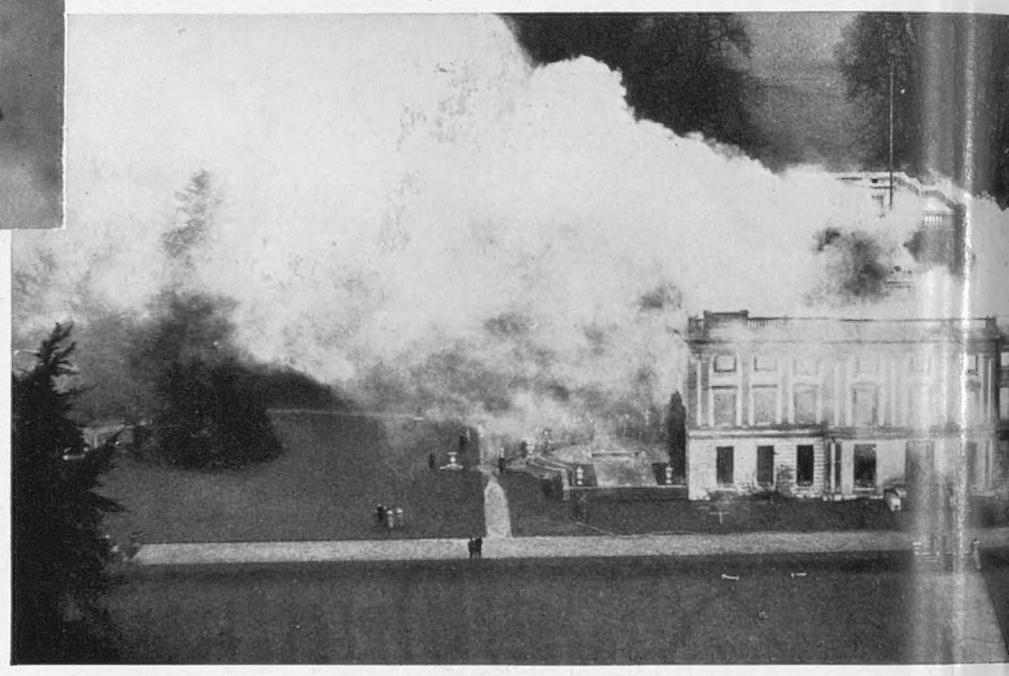
A HAPPY RE-UNION: Lord Londonderry, Minister for Air, greeting his little granddaughter on arrival at Croydon after completing a 16,000-mile tour of Air Force stations in Egypt, Iraq, and India

A LONDON NEW

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 7, 1934.

ONE MORE TRY.—The White Paper of Britain's new disarmament proposals is on the table and much in the news. It illustrates the truth that a time comes when the most bitter and suspicious of neighbours must lend an ear to compromise and mediation unless one at least is resolved on suicide. Such a time has come now for France and Germany, and it is England who has leaned over the garden wall and held out an olive branch. Our proposals are designed to save the faces of both disputants; in these days all solutions of problems are in the nature of compromises, but the British White Paper is constructive compromise based on experience of what is and what is not practical politics. It is far from presenting a solution easily accepted. It is scored with notes of interrogation. Its progress depends on a number of unforeseeable events — the willingness of the U.S. to co-operate, the attitude of Japan towards naval scaling down, the return of Germany to the League. And it would be hard to say which of these conditions has the best prospect of fulfilment; they are all of them 100–8 chances. But our Cabinet has broken new ground and carefully prepared it for sowing under existing conditions. In effect, it adjusts the ten-year Convention so as to give to Germany absolute equality at the end of the period. She will begin forthwith to level up on defined foundations, the other Powers to level down. She is to provide herself forthwith with light tanks and 6-in. guns and scouting 'planes. They progressively must scrap heavy mobile guns and heavy tanks. The four great Continental armies which come, or are taken as coming, within the League's purview are subjected to definite principles of parity—a short service army of two to three hundred thousand men serving for eight to twelve months, with full supervision over the military and quasi-military organizations of the Powers concerned. The whole proposal is hedged with safeguards, the mixture very much as before, with a fresh label. The other Powers, in the event of an infringement or threatened breach of the Kellogg Pact and/or the new Convention, agree (that is, are asked to agree) to "consult" among themselves what action, economic or otherwise, shall be taken against the offender. It is vague enough for a promise out of hand, yet, vague as the commitment is, it is a very doubtful condition precedent to a happy settlement. Can we hope for America to look once more over her own back-yard wall into Europe's cat-walk? Can we expect Japan so to come into line as not to rank as "first offender" by the very articles of the Convention? And if the proposal is unacceptable, what follows? A race in armaments in which Britain will perforce play a leading part in civilization's last great tragedy. Perhaps that reflection may grease the slips which check the launching of a new Europe and a new world.

HITLER IN ACHIEVEMENT.—It is the normal course in the career of a dictator, a reformer, or a leader of a new party, that he sows with a sickle and reaps with a bag of corn. His sabre-rattling dies down when once he has gained confidence from success or results achieved. So it is with Labour in office, so it is with Hitler at the end of a year of dazzling achievement. Europe heaved a sigh of relief to hear generous praise of Frenchmen and conciliation broadcast over Europe, to learn of peaceful settlement ensured for Polish questions, and to hear assurances that, if Germany desires to see Austria a Nazi State, she deprecates the use of force to bring about that happy state. Whatever one has felt about German actions and aims in regard to Austria, the Polish agreement demands that we revise our broader views of German aggression; and the striking tribute to the French character, coming from the man of destiny in his triumph must positively be regarded as something more than conventional oratory on an international theme. Let us assume that Hitler and Germany behind him do indeed prefer to obtain their aspirations by peaceful methods, if possible. Even that moderate assumption will be an advance on recent public opinion, and once achieved it will greatly assist the settlement of some of the thorny problems which still face us before European peace can become practical politics once more. It may be difficult to short-circuit the settlement of the Saar question as Hitler desires. For the plebiscite is an article of the Peace Treaty and certainly, in that plebiscite, France has no axe to grind. It is indeed an opportunity and a safeguard for none but the handful of Sarrois themselves. But none will deny that there is immense scope and untold value to be reaped from a friendly understanding between Germany and France on the Saar question before the time for the plebiscite arrives. Here, indeed, is an unexpected and welcome offering to Europe from the celebrations of Germany's Wonder Year.



FAMOUS WORKS OF ART DESTROYED IN A COUNTRY HOUSE FIRE: An aerial view of Gatton Hall, Surr Colman, which was gutted early on Sunday morning. G. F. Watts' masterpieces, "Love and Life" and "L for about 1,700 guineas each, were destroyed; while a self-portrait by Raphael, which was built into the w firemen. The Great Marble Hall, a replica of the Corsini Chapel in Rome, and the library, containin manuscripts and volumes, also suffered seriously. At the time of the fire Sir Jeremiah and La

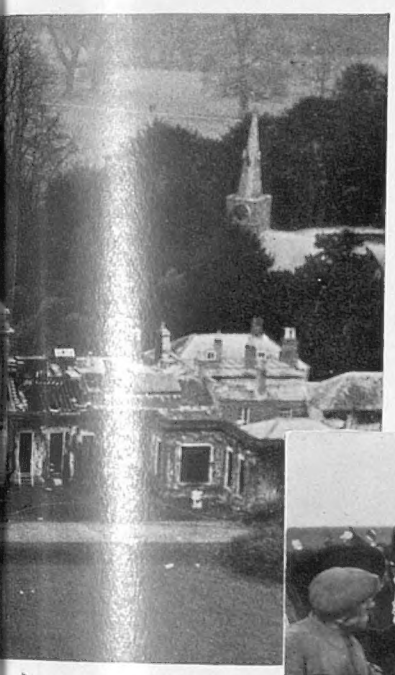
HOLLYWOOD BOUND: Edna Best, who in private life is Mrs. Herbert Marshall, seen with her baby daughter, Sarah, whom she took with her when she left London last week to rejoin her husband in California

STABLE GOVERNMENT.—If the Government's intentions a accurately forecast in the Press, we this country can thank Heaven fastin that we are not in the position of Franc and can look forward with some conf dence to two more years of settled, an *prima facie* non-party, Governmen before the electorate has a chance to ord a return to the party dog-fight in th spring of 1936. No sane man in th country but will heave a sigh of relief a he flings the rumours of an appeal to th country this year on the muck hea There is so much to be done, so ver little evidence that the Governmer (apart from normal reaction and a fe obvious criticisms) could be replaced b any better. There is no party in th State which has any defined policy tha is more than vote-catching theory, ur substantiated inevitably by experience The National Government, it is true, affected by an undercurrent of part rivalry. Its full efficiency is thus hamp ered, and evidence of this malign influenc is seen not only at Westminster but i the constituencies. But on the whole the Government we have is the bes we can achieve in the circumstances, and we may be thankful for the ex pectation of two more full years of it. The present session, which will conclude before August, is cram full. Apart from the great international questions which at this stage affect the Cabinet primarily, Parliament must deal in the next six months with the Budget, unemployment insurance, betting and gambling, oil from coal, the Moyne report, recommendations on house re conditioning, two important questions affecting the miners, the improvement of rural water supply, and the question of road deaths. The larger international problems—disarmament, League reform, Anglo-Russian trade, the Free State, and if you please Debt Settlement, not to mention the individual problems of European States in their relations with their neighbours and ourselves—will have their repercussions in the House. Then in the autumn session the Indian Constitutional Reform Bill must somehow be carried through. That is looking far enough ahead. Allowing a pretty huge *x* for unforeseen and vital problems which must spring up between this and then, we have agenda to daunt the stoutest hearts and a screaming need for settled government and for Ministers who have established contact with their permanent officials and departments.

BISHOP TALBOT.—The career of Bishop Edward Talbot stretches back to a past which seems as remote to-day as the age of Anne.

LETTER

He was born before the Repeal of the Corn Laws when Gladstone was still a promising young man. His father was a child of the last Earl Talbot, his mother of the 1st Earl Wharncliffe. He himself married, at the age of twenty-six, Lavinia, daughter of the last Lord Lyttelton. Between them they were related to almost every family of note in the restricted society of their youth, and to the end of his life Bishop Talbot and Mrs. Talbot retained their zest for social occasions of all kinds and kept up with the rising generations of their innumerable friends. His own family's place in the Church is of remarkable importance. Of his three sons, one is Bishop Neville Talbot, another is head of the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, while the third and perhaps most widely known died in the War after "laying the foundations" of Toc H. One of his daughters married the late Lionel Ford, so long headmaster of Harrow and, for a brief space, Dean of York. Bishop Talbot was educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, a double or triple first. He was successively Warden of Keble, Vicar of Leeds, Canon of Ripon,



e home of Sir Jeremiah d Death," which were bought d to be abandoned by the luable collection of rare olman were in France

Bishop of Rochester, of Southwark, and of Winchester. He contributed to *Lux Mundi* and published a number of books. He had a splendid presence and a magnificent voice. Only the other day his voice rang out with all its old power when he gave the blessing at a family wedding, himself in his ninetieth year. For not even increasing and almost crippling lameness could deter him from carrying on his religious and social duties, privileges, and engagements. Very rightly he regarded the latter as an important part of a priest's duties. Hence the wideness of his influence.

AT CHESTERFIELD HOUSE.

—The Y.W.C.A. has gained vicariously in the past few years a name for culture and taste. For on their behalf and under their banner have been organized a number of remarkable exhibitions of art and historical relics of important periods in our history. It is perhaps inevitable that a public bewildered by these innumerable period exhibitions — a magnificent way of charming money from fashionable purses and the pockets of "West End" trousers—should find these periods duplicated and triplicated and the scope of them often overlapping. The present Y.W.C.A. loses as much as it gains by the splendid setting of Chesterfield House. Looking at the very indifferent paintings representing the notables of Marlborough's day, it is impossible not to call to mind the wonderful Clanricarde collection which adorned the now sadly tattered walls of the great house, until the other day stern necessity drove Lord Harewood and the Princess Royal away. Kneller, Dahl, and Wootton—among the best artists of the day—make sorry stuff in comparison, and the dress fashions of the day also lend woodenness to portraiture. Again, the size of the house is against a telling display of what is a small exhibition. But private view day has something of the depression of a dress rehearsal, and with a number of very interesting and very rare and lovely exhibits of books, manuscripts, plate and glass, and furniture, this exhibition, with the added draw of its setting, is assured of support. The numismatists will be satisfied; the sensation-hunters will linger beside the sword with which Marlborough "directed the storm" at Blenheim; the glass experts will gape at the glass and note the Venetian genius melting into the plain English; and those who fancy gold and silver plate of the greatest period will not come empty away. It is perhaps the social historian who will gain most from his visit. He will find exhibits to document every phase of social life in that day, from shoes and clay pipes to furniture and embroidery, from bills to broadsheets, from drug jars and posset-pots to models of warships. Only the pictures—sweet Arabella Churchill excepted—are not inspiring.

A MODEL FOR VILLAGE HISTORIES.

—Last year a great deal was made in the Press of the vital importance of well-constructed and informed village histories. In these changing times when the familiar aspect of ancient villages and country towns is sometimes altered beyond recognition (and always for the worse) in the course of five years, and at the same time the traditions and memory of the earlier life of the communities are recklessly sacrificed and forgotten, the importance of preserving the continuity of these local social histories struck forcibly some of the highest in the land. The writing of careful village histories was therefore explicitly encouraged, and a number of well-qualified local historians responded to the appeal. Unfortunately, in the nature of things, these authors cannot command the publicity of best-selling and commercially-minded authors. These books have a purely local appeal and in consequence authors must often go to press at their own expense, employing a country firm (which not seldom has nothing to learn from London). As a result, these invaluable contributions to social history obtain too little commendation. One such has come into my hands and I am moved to praise it. It is *Fernhurst* (Sussex), by Alice M. Tudor, published by Billing of Guildford. It is a model of what such histories should be. It is fully documented; it has the authority of evidence most painstakingly collected and sifted, and yet the selective and judicial competence of the author detracts not one whit from the romance and picturesqueness of this record of small (and eternally big) things. The sources of information available are few, partial, scattered, and moss-grown. Tradition is not to be despised, nor the memories of the "oldest inhabitant" rejected. Indeed "Gaffer's" tales are invaluable light. But for the most part the story must be knit together from the births, deaths, marriages, and incumbent registers, and from the Probate Registry.

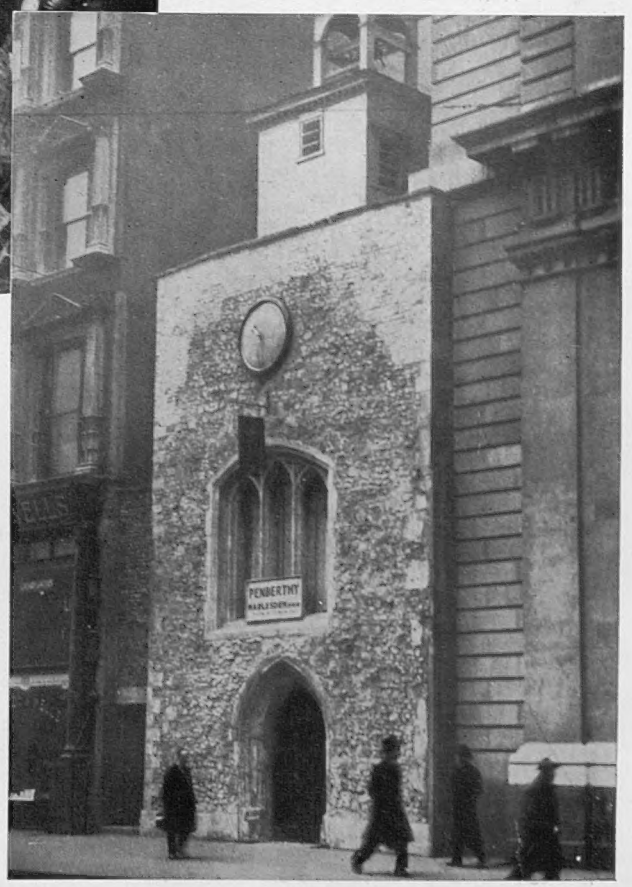
MR. DUFF COOPER'S COURAGE.

—A man needs to be stouthearted to-day to make a direct and severe attack on Mr. Lloyd George's conduct of the War. Politicians who have succumbed to the temptation are unanimous in recommending it—to others! For Mr. George is a shrewd and a ruthless hitter - back, and lets nothing stand in the way of his crashing counter - attack. Mr. Duff Cooper, in his plea for a closer understanding between statesmen and army commanders, unequivocably cited Mr. Lloyd George as a glaring example of a statesman who got the worst out of his commanders in the field. Having made up his mind that Haig was not at all an ideal commander, but not being able to make up his mind to ungum him, (Mr. Duff Cooper declares) Mr. Lloyd George neither supported, nor trusted, nor confided in him. It must be remembered that Mr. Duff Cooper, fresh from a study of the Haig papers—he is engaged on Lord Haig's biography—spoke in a dual rôle. He spoke as champion of the Army and as one in possession of new facts on the conduct of the War as revealed by Haig's papers. We may, therefore, anticipate that this trenchant attack on Mr. George will be developed and documented in the Haig biography.

THE OLD STAGER.

ONE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED SHETLAND ISLANDERS who took part in the recent Norse festival at Lerwick, which recalled the early association of the islands with the Vikings. The celebrations included a torchlight procession

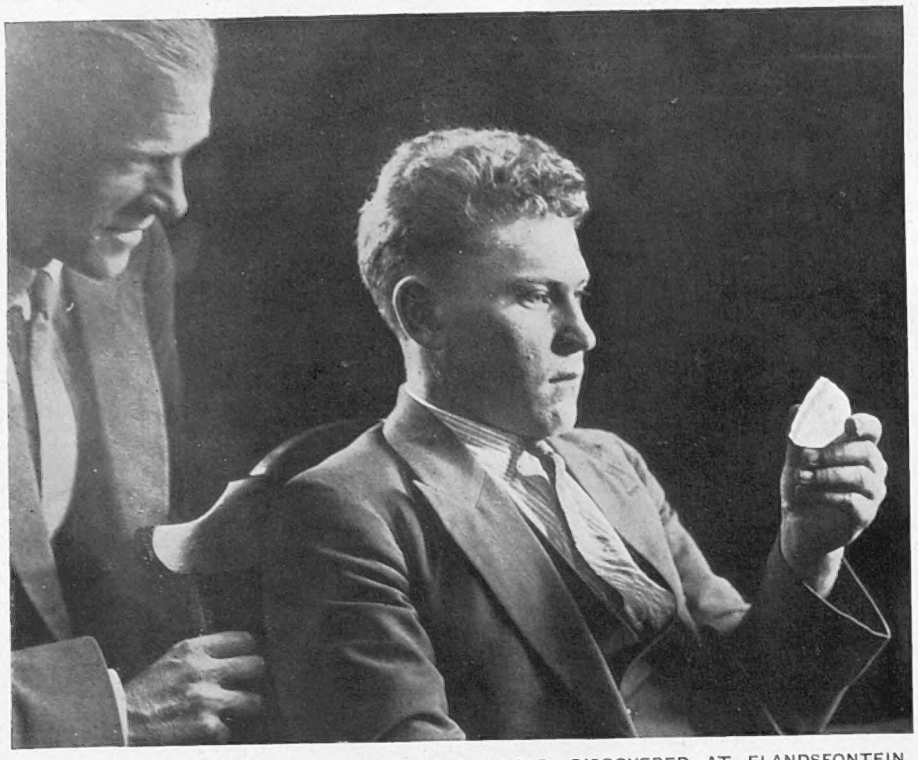
THE OLD COUNTRY CUSTOM OF "PLOUGHING-IN" was observed at Hedley Hall Farm, County Durham, last week, when neighbouring farmers brought their horse teams and did a day's ploughing for the new tenant. This picture was taken during the lunch hour



THE LITTLE CHURCH OF ST. ETHELBURGA, BISHOPSGATE, is now out of the hands of the workmen who have removed the little shops around the porch

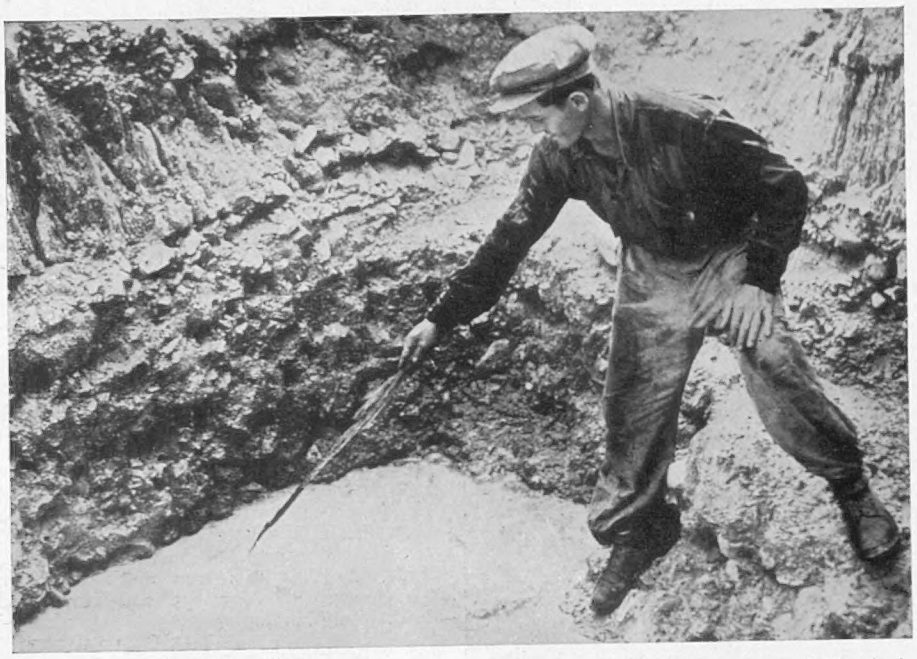
FIRST PICTURES OF THE RECEN

A Dutch Freighter Sinks in the Panam



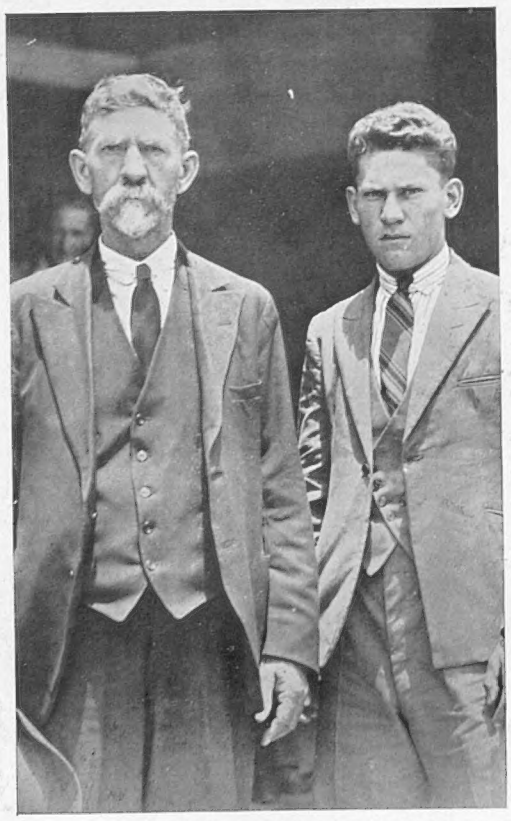
THE FOURTH LARGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD DISCOVERED AT ELANDSFONTEIN, SOUTH AFRICA: Mr. Jacobus Jonker, junr., with the 726-carat diamond found by one of the native workers on his father's alluvial diggings some twenty miles north of Pretoria. The stone has been sold to Sir Ernest Oppenheimer for £63,000

KENT POLICE DISTURB A GIPSY ENCAMPMENT: Following complaints from landowners concerning the theft of crops, the Kent Constabulary evicted over thirty gipsies from the Chelsfield district last week. Within half an hour of the serving of the summonses the gipsies were on the road



THE SPOT WHERE THE GREAT JONKER DIAMOND WAS FOUND: A view of Mr. J. J. Jonker's diggings at Elandsfontein—a neighbourhood in which he has been prospecting for about eighteen years. The stone is 2⅛ in. long, 1⅛ in. high, 1 in. in breadth, and is shaped like a hen's egg. A 287-carat diamond has also been found on the same spot

THE DRUMS OF THE 2nd BATTALION, GORDON HIGHLANDERS, which fell into German hands in 1914, were brought back to England last week. General Sir Ian Hamilton is seen landing from the S.S. *Bremen* with the trophies which he received from General von Blomberg in Berlin



FORTUNE'S FAVOURITES: Mr. J. J. Jonker and his twenty-year-old son, Jacobus. The latter was working on the diggings at the time of the discovery of the diamond

THE 726-CARAT JONKER DIAMOND COMPARED WITH A SHILLING: It ranks fourth in size to the Cullinan, but is many times larger than the famous Koh-i-noor

The 726-carat Jonker diamond was picked up on January 17 and immediately rushed to Johannesburg, where it was inspected and later bought by Sir Ernest Oppenheimer. It is considerably smaller than the great Cullinan (3,025¾ carats when uncut), but is just as flawless. Mr. Jonker's claim is only three miles from the Premier Diamond Mine, where the Cullinan was discovered in 1905

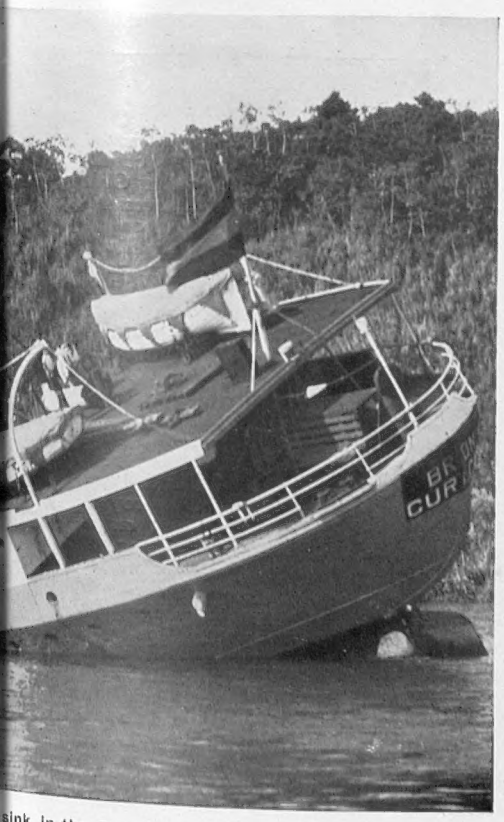
A DUBIOUS DISTINCTION: This Dutch freighter, the *Brion*, is the first vessel She sprang a leak while crossing the Gatun Lake, and, although an attempt eventually listed over and sank. This picture was taken a few minutes this spot is about 80

TLY DISCOVERED £63,000 DIAMOND

Canal and other Items of Current Interest

TROPHIES OF THE CHASE: President Ignacy Moscicki of Poland (seen in the centre of the above group wearing a fur hat) who recently took part in a two-day wild boar and wolf hunt in the forest of Bialowieza. As this picture shows, the party enjoyed excellent sport. M. Moscicki has been President since 1926

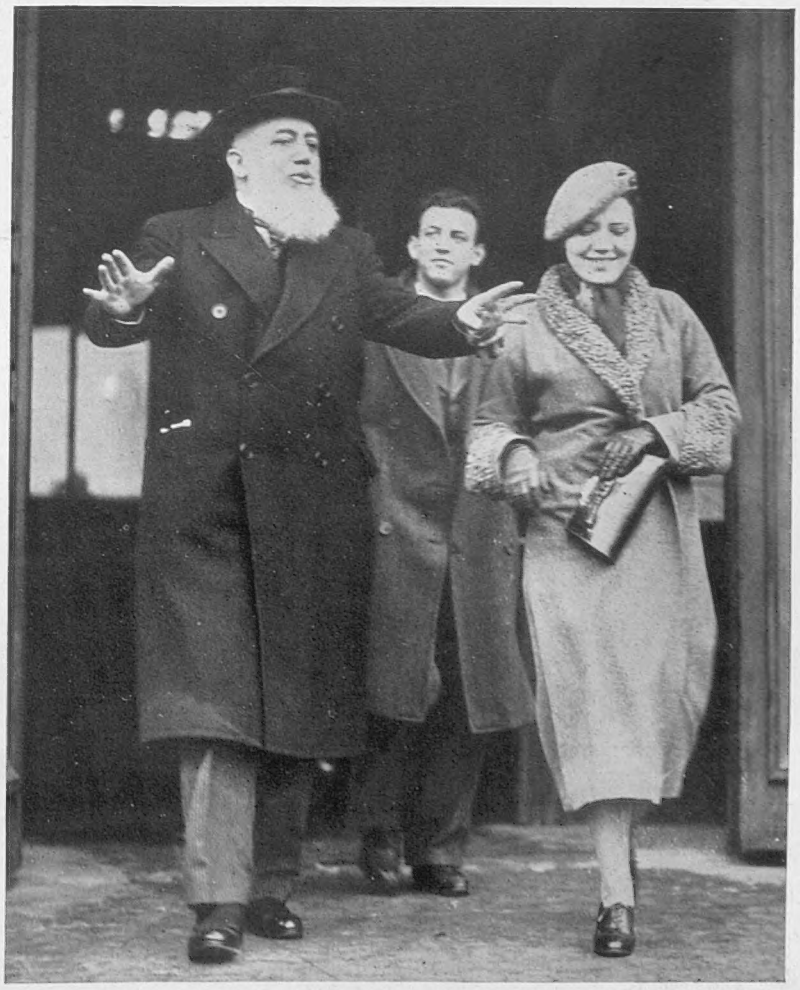
THE CARNIVAL SEASON OPENS AT NICE: One of the symbolical carts taking part in the procession, which was witnessed by a vast crowd of holiday-makers at the famous Riviera resort



sink in the Panama Canal since its opening in 1914. was made to run her aground on the east shore, she before she disappeared beneath the water, which at depth

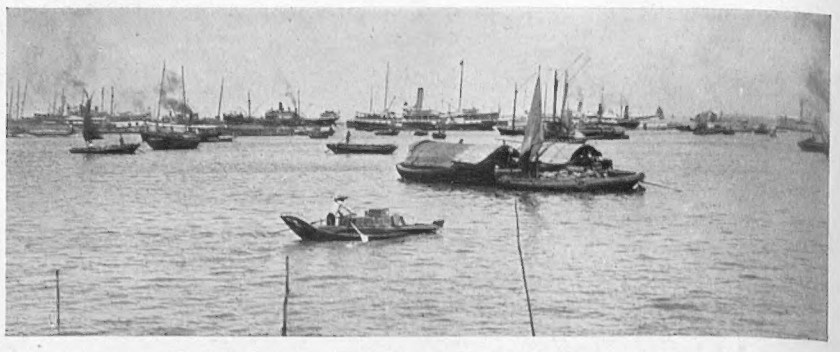
A SUCCESSFUL BUT TRAGIC ATTEMPT ON THE WORLD'S ALTITUDE RECORD: Making final adjustments to the Russian balloon *Osoaviakhim*, which ascended 13½ miles into the stratosphere, but crashed during the descent and caused the deaths of the three occupants

CANDLEMAS CELEBRATED IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: This great ecclesiastical festival, which is observed on February 2, celebrates the infant Jesus' presentation in the Temple by the Virgin Mary. The congregation all carry lighted candles, and at the same time candles required for services in the church during the ensuing year are blessed



DEFYING THE BEGGING LETTER WRITERS: This French citizen and his daughter won £60,000 in the great National Lottery, but on leaving the lottery headquarters in Paris after receiving the money refused to give their names to the crowd of reporters waiting to welcome them

THE RUBBER CAPITAL OF THE WORLD: A view of Victoria Square, the heart of the city of Singapore



WHERE SHIPS OF MANY NATIONS CONGREGATE: The busy harbour at Singapore at high tide

SELETAR:

A Visit to the Great Naval Base near Singapore, where the Commanders-in-Chief have Recently been in Con'erence

Once a mere stretch of swamp over which the malarial mosquito droned peacefully and a few Chinese tried to eke out a precarious livelihood by growing pineapples, the naval base at Seletar, Singapore, is now a hive of industry, with its secrets closely guarded by barbed wire entanglements.

Over ten years' work is behind that hive of industry, work which was interrupted by the Labour Government in 1924 and has since been carried on with full speed to make up for lost time.

Everyone coming to Singapore wants to know what is happening at the naval base, but few go away satisfied, for the Navy has a way of keeping its own secrets.

Now and again it comes into the limelight and the Press gets a few facts, as, for instance, with the arrival of the floating dock in 1929. That was towed out from England by two Dutch tugs and broke adrift en route, but was recaptured and now rests safely in the still waters of Seletar.

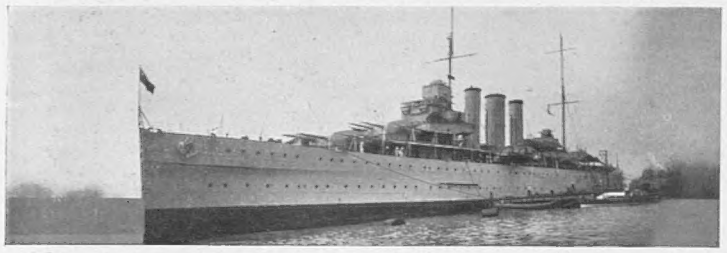
Then it sinks back into comparative obscurity, as merely that "work is going on at Seletar," whilst the interest of the island revolves round rubber and tin and the usual programme of sport that occupies the spare time of British communities in Crown Colonies.

Periodically an official of the contractors for the base, Sir William Jackson, comes out to Singapore, and after his trip to Seletar, says to the local Press:

"Work is proceeding satisfactorily."

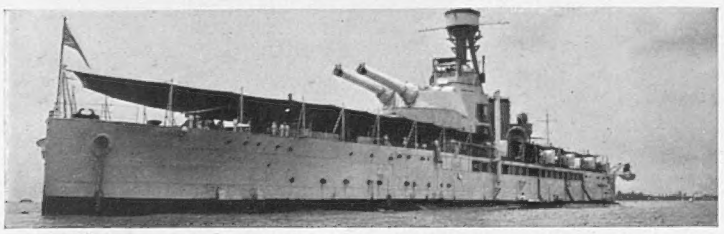
So it happens that even in Singapore few people know anything about the naval base. Occasionally a newspaper-man is allowed to visit it, but then it is very much in the nature of a conducted tour with a very uninformative guide.

I was accorded the privilege of one of these tours three years ago. The barbed-wire gates, with a large "R.N. NO ADMITTANCE" plastered across them, swung aside and I found myself inside, handed over to a guide.

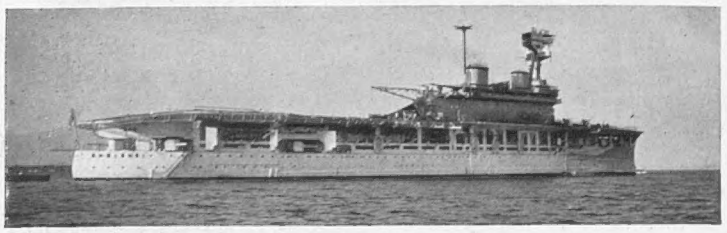


H.M.S. "KENT": The 10,000-ton British cruiser upon which the recent Naval Conference at Singapore took place

THE FLAGSHIP OF THE EAST INDIES STATION: The British cruiser, *Hawkins*, another vessel present at Singapore for the Conference. She is of over 10,000 tons displacement



THE BRITISH MONITOR, "TERROR," AT SINGAPORE: This vessel has been in service for over seventeen years



THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER, "EAGLE": One of the largest ships present at Singapore last month

CUT THROUGH VIRGIN FOREST: The road from Singapore to the naval base at Seletar

I saw hundreds of Chinese coolies, pushing truckloads of heavy masonry, whilst huge cranes roared over my head. Out in midstream was a cruiser of the *Kent* class, which usually operates in these waters, whilst near the beach the outlines of the big graving dock were beginning to take shape.

Now and again a train-ferry chugged its way across from the mainland of Johore, carrying the granite from the quarries to build the graving dock and any defences that stone might be useful for.

In the maze of technical activity that was going on before my eyes I could just discern the skeleton of a dockyard. There were heaps of earthwork everywhere and stone foundations were taking the place of swamp. Seletar is now, by the way, almost rid of malaria.

"What is it all about? What else are you going to put in here?" I asked.

My naval guide smiled one of those disarming smiles of service men.

"Well, it's such a bother for the China squadron, going back a long way to re-fit. This will more than halve the journey."

To all my other questions he maintained a discreet silence. In a similar manner all conducted tours of the naval base—of which few are granted—are carried out. Tucked away on the sheltered side of Singapore island in the Straits of Johore, Seletar offers an ideal situation for a naval base. It can be approached only by a narrow neck of water, and is about fifteen miles from the open sea. The water there is deep and even the biggest vessels would have no fear of running aground.

It faces a slight promontory in the State of Johore, where a small strip of virgin jungle rises above the surrounding rubber plantations. One hears queer stories of what is happening in that strip of virgin jungle.

Neighbouring planters will tell you of gun emplacements that are being laid down under cover of the jungle, for this promontory commands the whole of the naval base. And planters will point out the uselessness of a naval base without guns to protect it.

A few years ago there were rumours of Japanese planters wanting to buy land in the vicinity, just to grow rubber. The rumours were never verified, but the fact remains that all the neighbouring planters are British.

The work that is proceeding at Seletar must of necessity be slow, for permanent foundations are being built, and Singapore of recent years is assuming the appearance more of a service station than of a port, through which a large proportion of the world's shipping passes.

The Royal Air Force base is growing up alongside the naval base and fast-moving bombers drone over it all day long. Now and again there are little manœuvres that indicate how Singapore must be prepared in the event of attack.

I was present at one of these, when the navy, army, air force, and local volunteers combined in the operations. Hotels were empty of men on the night of the "attack," and the normal gay life of the town was dead.

For Singapore is gay and provides plenty of entertainment. No one need ever be dull. You may dance in a ballroom fringed by palm trees, through which you can see quaint Chinese craft drifting about in the bay.

There are plenty of talkie-cinemas and clubs, and if you tire of this you may go and watch the procession of life through Chinatown. Here scratching, wailing music will assail your ears and you will hear fan-tan players wrangling in gaudily-decorated restaurants.

THE SINGAPORE NAVAL CONFERENCE

The Conference of Naval Commanders-in-Chief, held on board H.M.S. *Kent* at Singapore, has attracted unusual attention this year, principally on account of the uncertainty of affairs in the Pacific, which must inevitably follow Japan's declaration of her intention to demand parity at the next "Naval Disarmament" Conference. But it is not by any means unprecedented, and a joint conference from time to time is regarded as better than any amount of exchanges of correspondence between the various admirals. For it has long been one of the principles of British naval strategy that in the event of war the distant squadrons in the East immediately take steps to merge into one powerful Eastern fleet under the command of the senior flag-officer, inevitably the Commander-in-chief of the China Fleet. This Eastern fleet was so formed in 1914, and the arrangement, especially with the help immediately proffered by the Japanese Navy, was found to function perfectly and not only swept Eastern waters clear of enemy ships and masked their naval base until it finally fell to siege, but permitted a number of aggressive naval moves to be made against German possessions in the Pacific. But it will be readily understood that the organization is a complicated one with the Eastern fleet composed of so many diverse squadrons, covering an area from the Persian Gulf and East African coast as the western limit of the East Indian Squadron to the Arctic ice as the northern limit of the China Fleet and the Antarctic as the southern limit of the New Zealand Division. In addition, there is Australia's own Navy co-operating just as keenly. There are 10,000-ton *Washington* cruisers in the China Fleet and the Australian Navy, long-distance commerce protection cruisers in the East Indian Squadron, light cruisers originally designed for North Sea work in the New Zealand Division, submarines in China, destroyers in Australia, and sloops and small craft in them all. The welding of such a heterogeneous collection of naval units into a fighting force over a huge area naturally calls for the closest co-operation between the various Commanders-in-Chief and their staffs, but, more important still with changing conditions in the Pacific, it is obvious that all the admirals must have a settled strategical policy to put before the Admiralty, and there are so many points to be considered that a personal meeting is the only practical means.

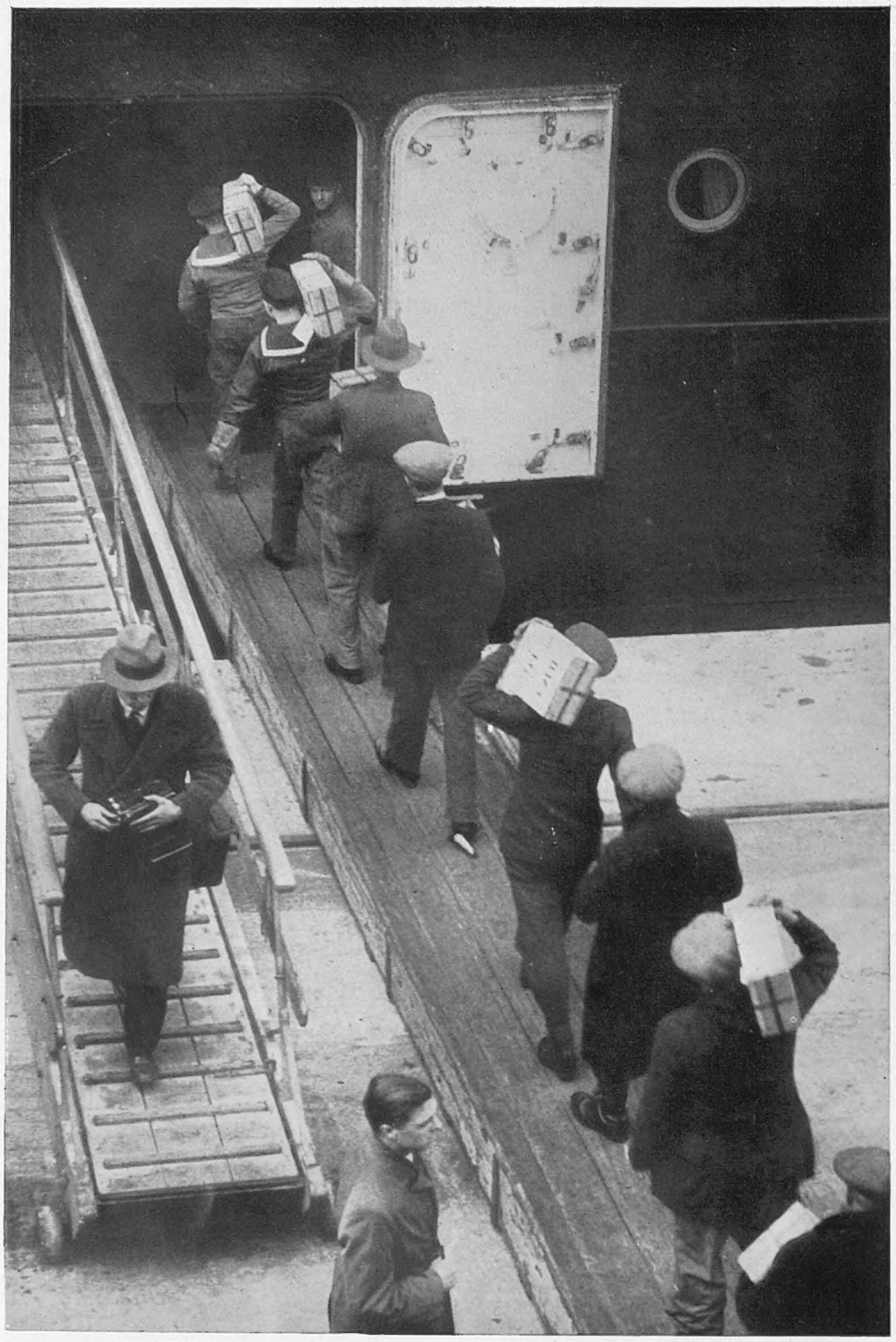
Frank C. Bowen

MODERN JONAHS: Men dismantling the skeleton of a giant whale at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, preparatory to its removal to the new whale room which has just been constructed at a cost of £10,000

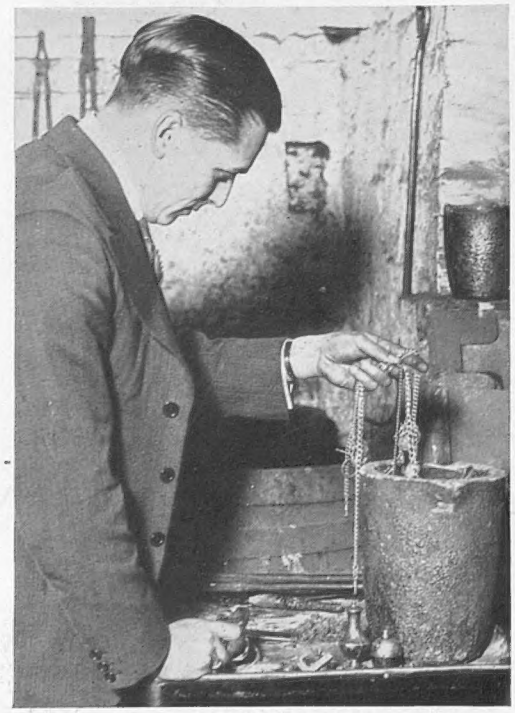
THE END OF AN OLD CAMPAIGNER: The last timbers are now being removed from the decks of the old *Arethusa*, which saw service in the Crimean War and ended up as a training ship. As soon as this work is complete she will be beached and her hull will be broken up

A ROMANY WEDDING: Joseph Steiro and Lena Evano, two members of a French-Canadian tribe of gipsies, who were married at sunset at Whitton Park, Middlesex, on the last day of January. The bride and bridegroom (right centre) are seen listening to music near the camp fire after the ceremony

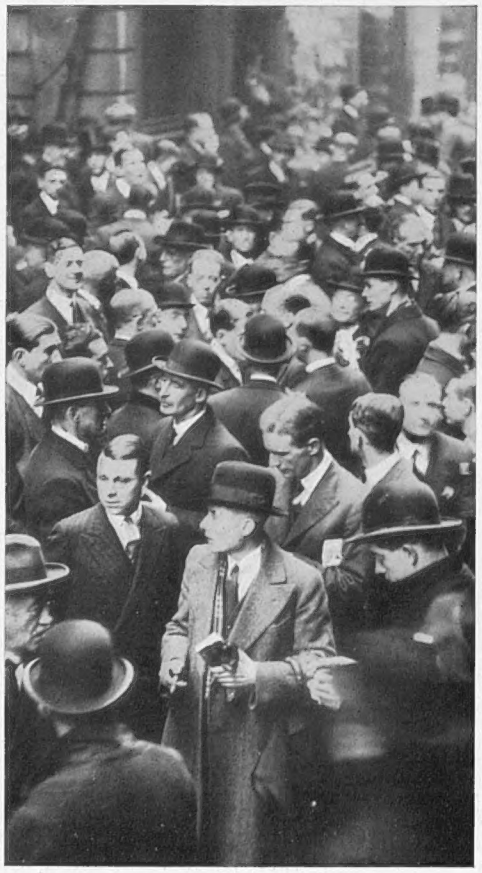
A PAIR TO RECKON WITH: The Hon. Dorothy Paget's well-fancied Grand National candidate, Golden Miller (right), and her hurdling champion, Insurance, at exercise at Newmarket. The former has won the Cheltenham Gold Cup but, although one of the best horses over "park courses" in this country, nas yet to achieve distinction in the great race at Aintree



OVER £5,000,000 OF GOLD FOR NEW YORK: Part of last Saturday's great shipment of bullion being loaded aboard the S.S. *Bremen* at Southampton. This great gold movement is a result of the present American buying price which is at the time of writing fixed at 35 dollars an ounce



ATTRACTED BY THE PREVAILING HIGH PRICE OF GOLD thousands of people are selling their trinkets. This picture shows jewellery being melted down for London bullion dealers



ACTIVITY IN THROGMORTON STREET: Excited brokers dealing in gold shares, many of which soared to new high levels last week

JOHN BULL'S GOLD BOOM

And the Part that It is Playing in the Economic Rehabilitation of the Empire

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

Over the seaways linking the continents gold is moving as fast as big ships can steam. Probably there never was a time when so much gold was afloat at the same moment, and over an area as wide as the world itself. The main streams flow towards London, the chief world centre for marketing gold, and New York, the main buying centre; but the motive power for the movement is supplied by an American buying price which is at present set at 35 dollars, or 140s., an ounce.

When Uncle Sam decided to cut the gold content of the dollar by 40 per cent., and to attempt to bring about an internal price rise by making the new, high, American price for gold effective over the whole world area, John Bull should have stood himself a large drink. For three-quarters of all new gold is produced within his enormous Empire; and his sons and daughters in South Africa, West Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand, Kenya, Canada, and a few other dominions, dependencies, and possessions, are growing rich as a result of the policies of a beaming but resolute American President and his erudite professorial adviser.

Nor are the elders of the tribe sitting quietly in the home island doing so badly. Four London firms, the senior founded in 1684 and the junior in 1853, and the four representing eight wealthy families, remain the world's chief gold-brokers; and two London firms, one the Rothschild one, dominate the refining business. The chief markets for gold shares are in Johannesburg and London; and most of the orders for mining machinery and equipment come to British manufacturers. The bulk of the dividends of the gold-producing companies remains inside the British Empire area, and increase purchasing power. These dividends were up 100 per cent. in 1933 over 1932, and are probably destined to go higher in 1934. The Transvaal mines alone made around £30,000,000 last year, and out of that paid £13,000,000 in dividends (against £9,000,000 in 1932), while the Union Treasury took £11,000,000. Then there are the side-lines of commissions, freights, insurances, and other odd trifles.

Of course, the lopsided distribution of the gold stocks is bad for world trade, in which Britain has a major interest; but this position gradually will get straightened out. Meantime, the British Empire is taking immense sums of foreign money in exchange for its gold, and is using the money to buy raw materials and goods, and to push on development works, and open up barren tracts. If this Empire, instead of being a seller of gold to the world, were a buyer, the outlook for the British commonwealth of peoples might not be quite so good. It was Australia who "kicked off" the boom, although the world did not realize it at the time. She depreciated her pound 25 per cent. *vis à vis* the British gold-based pound, and adopted an agrarian monetary policy (the remarkably successful effects of which have had a profound influence upon the minds of President Roosevelt and Monetary Adviser Professor Warren, in Washington). Immediately the flagging gold-mining industry of Australia revived, old mines reopened, new finance was found, the Government helped, and the intensive prospecting began which may disclose new fields, and may bring the Dominion again into the forefront of the world's gold producers. The abandonment of the gold standard by Britain brought the boom nearer, and when South Africa went off gold there began the real boom which the monetary policy of Uncle Sam has now carried to new heights.

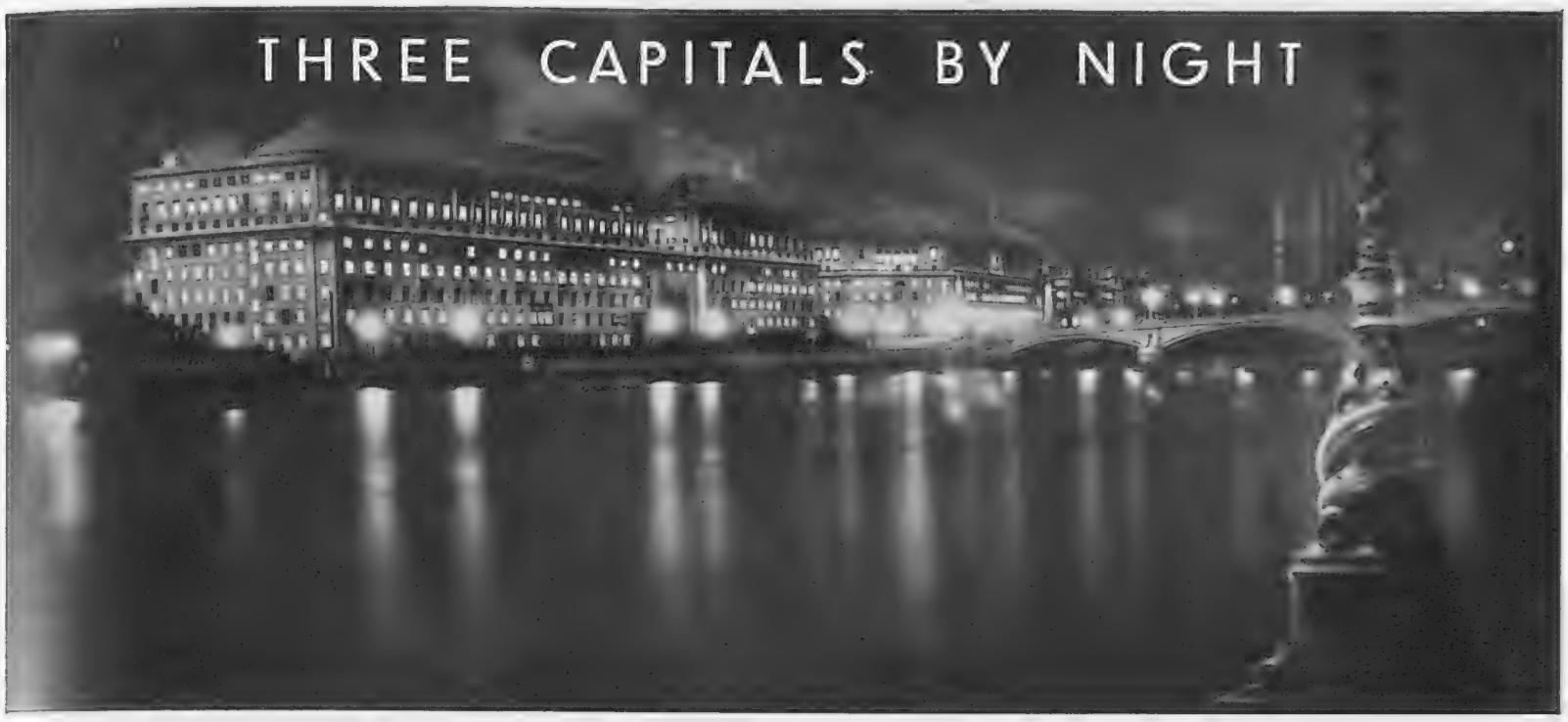
But back of it all is the single factor of currency depreciation, making the yellow metal immensely more valuable in money terms. If gold were not so scarce, we should already be flooded with it, as we were with copper, oil, rubber, cotton, coffee, tin, tea, and a few other commodities, whose production was forced by the abnormally high prices of the so-called "prosperity" era. Maybe the boom will end in a fall in the gold price as currencies get themselves adjusted all along the line, but that seems some way off. Meantime, production is rising along with profits in most places. All over the place abandoned mines are being reopened, and low-grade ore, formerly treated as junk, is being profitably worked.

But the high light is the mighty auriferous reef of the Witwatersrand under the great central plateau of South Africa, 5,550 ft. above sea-level. Nearly £1,200,000,000's worth of gold has already been extracted from this field. It is estimated that over £2,000,000,000 remain. Only the best-grade ores were worked with gold at its old price. It did not pay to work the low-grade stuff or to develop properties. Now low-grade ore can be worked at a profit. It is as if a huge new goldfield had been discovered. If gold had stayed at 84s. an ounce, South Africa would be in a bad way to-day. But with gold at £7 an ounce, the prospects are decidedly brighter.

A new goldfield yielding £50,000,000 a year would be hailed as a great bull point for world recovery and ultimate expansion; for gold booms always seem to presage the entry of the world into a great expansion era. And in fact what amounts to a new goldfield yielding that amount of gold has been tapped. The late Joseph Kitchin, the renowned authority, estimated that since the British East India Company opened up trade between Europe and the East, India has sucked in over £600,000,000 of gold. This great hoard is being charmed forth now at the rate of about £1,000,000 a week. Over the last two years something like £100,000,000 has come forth. The present year may see this disgorging process accelerated. The effect will be highly beneficial to Britain's Indian Empire.

Yes; on the whole John Bull certainly should stand himself, and perhaps Uncle Sam, too, a large drink.

THREE CAPITALS BY NIGHT



LONDON: A striking night view of the imposing block of office buildings at Millbank taken from the Lambeth side of the river. On the left is Thames House and further to the right are the headquarters of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. This area is rapidly growing in importance and, when Mr. Claude Leigh's block of flats is occupied, there will probably be more people to the square foot than anywhere else in London. There are already about 2,000 workers in Thames House

EDINBURGH: The Scottish capital has been floodlit on several occasions recently and, as this picture shows, the effects are truly remarkable. On the right is Princes Street and in the background is the old castle which, on three sides, rises almost perpendicularly above the city. With the rock in total darkness the great floodlit pile above it presents a fascinating spectacle

ROME: The cupola of St. Peter's outlined with lights mirrored in the waters of the Tiber. On the right is the Castel Sant' Angelo, a great cylindrical edifice originally erected by the Emperor Hadrian as a tomb for himself and his successors. The ground on one side of this is now being cleared to make what, eventually, will be one of the largest parks in Rome

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OPENING OF THE CRUISING SEASON

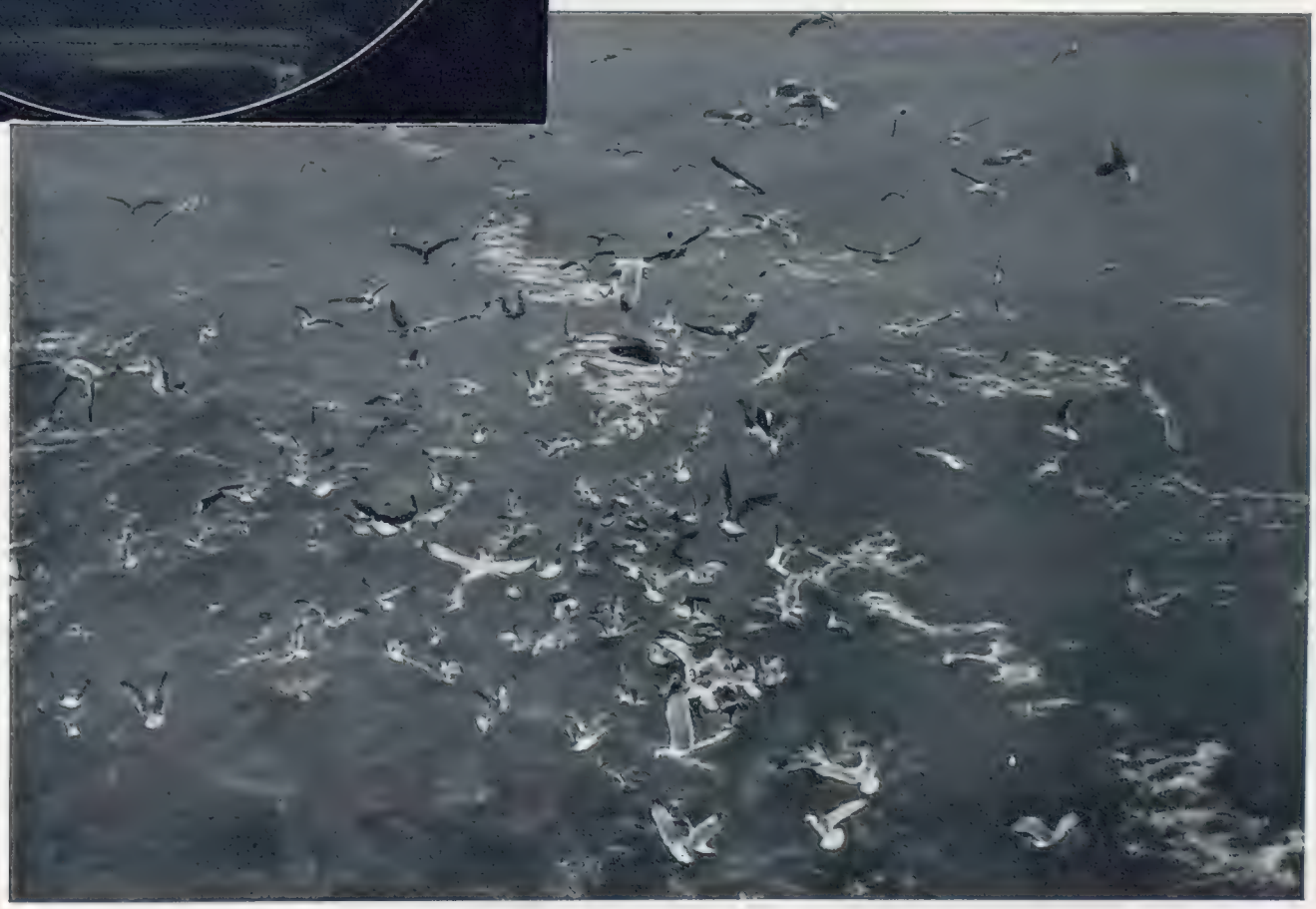
OUTWARD BOUND

Passengers on the 20,000-ton Orient liner, *Orontes*, discussing the prospects of the cruise after leaving Tilbury

IN THE TRACK OF THE SUN: A delightful picture, looking along the bows of the *Orontes* as she made her way down Channel

SEEN FROM THE DECK

A four-master being towed down the Thames after discharging a cargo of timber at London Docks



MUSTERING FOR BREAKFAST: The Orient Line is renowned for its food—a fact of which even the seagulls appear to be aware, considering the numbers that followed the *Orontes* down the Thames at the start of her cruise to the West Indies

IN TROUBLED FRANCE

The Mismanagement of the Affairs of the Republic Brought into the Limelight by the Stavisky Scandal—The Psychosis of Distrust

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

To-day the enemies of France rejoice and her friends weep, while the honest Frenchman—and he is the average Frenchman—is sick at the moral degradation which has overcome the institutions to which he desires to do proud reverence, and the men whom he desires to acknowledge as the nation's leaders.

What are the facts which have led Frenchmen publicly to admit that their country is dishonoured in the face of the world? What are the causes? What the remedies?

Just before Christmas it was discovered that some £3,750,000 of worthless bonds had been issued by the Bayonne Credit Municipal Bank. Tissier, the manager, was at once arrested. But Tissier had no Rolls-Royces or country houses. To whom did he hand over the loot? With a quickening of the pulses the good citizens of Bayonne suddenly realized that Tissier's appointment must have been statutorily approved by the wealthy, popular M. Garat, Mayor and Deputy of the city these twenty years or more, as well as by the Prefect of the Department. Again, surely the accounts of the Credit Municipal must statutorily have been verified annually and minutely by the Ministry of Finance? Meanwhile a warrant for the arrest of a certain Stavisky had been issued, as he was found to have initiated the bank and negotiated most of the bonds.

Newspapers then began to look up their files and discovered that Stavisky had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment in 1916, but was inexplicably amnestied shortly after. Again, in 1918, he was sentenced; this time with benefit of the first offenders' act! Next a newspaper published two letters written by M. Dalimier. In the first, addressed in his capacity as Minister of Finance to the President of the General Committee of Insurance Companies, he pointed out the desirability of facilitating the placing of municipal bonds. In the second, addressed to Tissier himself, he suggested that Tissier get into touch with insurance companies for the placing of bonds; that in view of the good security offered by a public institution the bonds would doubtless be placed without difficulty. Dalimier was forced to resign from the Cabinet. From that moment a purely criminal scandal became a first-class political scandal, out of which the Right opposition sought to make political capital. Tardieu and the Right proclaimed their own honesty and the corruption of the Left Government in office, with the obvious rider that he and his friends should take their place at once as the sole honest men in politics. Unfortunately the Left was able to rake up an equal amount of mud with which to bespatter the Right. What about Oustric? they howled. And Aymard, a former director of Tardieu's own paper arrested for receiving money from Stavisky? Nation-wide suspicion was aroused by the daily "exposure" of corruption in the magistracy, in the police, and in every political party, and nation-wide distrust spread rapidly when, amidst the spatters of slime, too many of the exposures were seen to be well founded.

Amongst the admissions made in the Chamber by the Prime Minister were that Stavisky, although known to the police as a notorious crook, had secured immunity from arrest for eight years, had received a letter of recommendation from a police commissioner, had nineteen times secured the adjournment of a share swindling case in which he was the accused. Moreover a passport had been issued to him *after Tissier's arrest*.

Chautemps promised a clean sweep of the Augean stables, but resisted the opposition clamour for a Parliamentary commission of inquiry, urging, with justification, that it would be conducted on party lines and that suspicion would be thrown on dozens of innocent persons. The opposition naturally cried from the house-tops that he was trying to prevent truths inconvenient to his own party from being published. Non-partisan public opinion wavered, but inclined to give Chautemps the benefit of the doubt. There was still a slight trust of authority alive.

The last straw came when the opposition asked why the complaints lodged some years ago against the directors of the Sacazan Holding Company for serious breaches of company law had not yet come up in court. Was it not because M. Raynaldy had once been a director of the company? Who was Raynaldy? Why, Minister of—Justice itself in the Chautemps Cabinet! Would he not appear before one of the magistrates in his service if the case were proceeded with at once? Raynaldy was forced to resign. With that public distrust was complete, and recognizing the fact Chautemps resigned.

Distrust is not eradicated in a day and Daladier, working with a discredited Chamber, had his work cut out to save the regime—for in the ultimate analysis nothing less is at stake.

I do not know a single Frenchman who would be prepared to support my assertion that corruption is still the exception and not the rule in French public life, and herein lies a root cause of so many evils in this country. There is in the Frenchman's psychology a will to believe the worst, and have the contrary proved to him. Dependent from this fundamental attitude of mind are three contributory causes of distrust of the regime.

The abuse of the freedom of the Press is so flagrant that reputation may be said not to exist. With us reputation is highly valued and protected by severe laws non-existent in France. Consequently the Press is filled with libellous assertions, for the most part without a shred of truth in them, about persons in public life, frequently in language which would cause a police prosecution for obscenity in England. No one bothers to reply here and the public swallows poison every day.

The magistracy is dependent on the Ministry of Justice and therefore is not independent of the Executive power. It is with few exceptions honest, but is open to every suspicion of being politically influenced.

The Parliamentary system is run on the principle of the spoils to the victor. Every deputy is expected on election to find jobs in the civil service, etc., for the jobless, and to secure State money to spend on local bridges, schools, and what not. This is to put a premium on dishonesty.

To do more than outline the remedies for the rottenness of French public life is impossible here. But first the natural distrust of the Frenchman should not be fed by scandal sheets. Consequently laws of libel approximating those of Britain have been proposed. Secondly, the separation of the Judicial and the Executive powers and the better payment of magistrates is an obvious step. Thirdly, revision of the constitution to give the Prime Minister the power of dissolution—for which there is a widespread campaign—would make for strong governments, able to apply themselves to the country's needs rather than to placating the irresponsible myriad party groups. If the present regime cannot manage these measures distrust will remain, but the regime will disappear, which will only make confusion worse confounded.

M. DALADIER, leaving the Elysée after he had been called upon to form a new Government to succeed that of M. Chautemps

DOING THAT WHICH THEY ALWAYS DO: Paris taximen obstructing the traffic in the Place de l'Opéra during the demonstration which they staged a few days ago in protest against the new petrol tax

TWO HEADS FOR THE GUILLOTINE: Mauceur (second from right), leader of a notorious French gang, and Joulia (centre), his lieutenant, being sentenced to death at Marseilles. Madame Joulia (left) received five years' imprisonment. The theft of millions of postage stamps is yet another of the recent scandals which have disturbed France

FROM THREE CONTINENTS

Scenes in Austria, Germany, the United States, Cuba, and Japan

CHEERS FOR THE LITTLE CHANCELLOR: Postal and railway workers acclaiming Dr. Dollfuss outside the Chancellery in Vienna for the determined stand he is making against the Nazi menace. *Right*—Herr Driak and Herr Skubl, the Austrian police chiefs, whom the Chancellor has entrusted with the difficult task of suppressing the propaganda activities of the Nazis

GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON seen during his visit to Berlin last week to receive back from General von Blomberg the drums of the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders which were left at Ostend when the battalion was ordered to Antwerp in 1914

DRINKING TO THE NEWLY-BORN HEIR TO THE JAPANESE THRONE: Admiral Viscount Saito (seated on the right at the table), the Japanese Prime Minister, and Mr. Toratare Uskizuka (left), Mayor of Tokyo, at the municipal celebration in Tokyo which took place after the naming ceremony of the Emperor's son

FACING DEATH FOR KIDNAPPING: August Scheafer (left) and Roger Touhy (centre), two of the four gangsters who are standing their trial in Chicago on charges of kidnapping Jacob Factor and demanding a ransom from his wife. After the trial Factor, who is the chief witness, is to be extradited to England to face charges of association with alleged share-pushing

CUBA HAS THREE PRESIDENTS IN A WEEK: *Left*—Supporters of ex-President Grau San Martin running for cover after Colonel Batista's troops opened fire on them during a demonstration in Havana which followed the announcement of Dr. Carlos Hevia's appointment as President. Owing to lack of support, the Hevia regime lasted only two-and-a-half days, and Colonel Carlos Mendieta, who is seen in the centre of the group on the right, was elected to office amid scenes of great popular enthusiasm

THE PERIL of the ROSS

The Great Natural Wonder of the World which has Recently

CLOSE UNDER THE BARRIER: The great wall varies very much in height. It will run down to a few feet and shoot upwards to 250 ft., which is about the maximum height attained

THE LURE OF THE BAY ICE: The bay ice, in the Bay of Whales, seen from a Byrd 'plane, sometimes presents an attractively smooth surface as shown here, and its edge of 5 or 6 ft. provides a natural quayside on to which to dump stores

MOORED AGAINST AN ICY QUAY: Two expedition ships using the edge of the bay (or sea) ice as a quayside on which to place their supplies. As members of the Byrd Expedition can testify, this is a highly perilous spot when the bay ice is crumbling

THE BAY OF WHALES AS SEEN BY SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON IN 1908: This inlet into the feature since it was first observed, but its form and size have been found to vary to a dangerous narrow inlet, as seen on the first Scott expedition, but found a wide ba

PART OF THE 470 MILES OF THE GREAT BARRIER FACE: In fine weather the Scott wall of ice (or compressed snow) for days on end. But there is always the need of watching the the ship into a very perilous position. Shackleton's ship was

ROUGH WEATHER AT THE BARRIER: This picture from the Shackleton expedition records shows waves breaking against the ice face. The term ice is used in connection with the Barrier, but it is probably largely built up of compressed snow

"THE BARRIER IS CRUMBLING"

The disaster to one American expedition and the grave peril of another immediately succeeding it, combine to bring a remote part of the globe into news of the first category. First we had the Lincoln Ellsworth Expedition, which was planned almost solely as a flying expedition across the Antarctic Continent, come to grief by trusting too much to the sea ice in the Bay of Whales, and within a fortnight a second American expedition under the command of Admiral Byrd gets entangled in the same ice perils. Since the announcement that some forty-five of the crew of the Byrd vessel were endeavouring to rescue the food and other supplies of the expedition which had been conveyed on to bay ice, silence for some days has reigned. Big blocks of ice were attacking the ship itself. . . . The Barrier itself was crumbling.

The Bay of Whales, where these two astonishing happenings have taken place, is an indentation in the Great Ross Ice Barrier, one of the natural wonders of the world. It extends from South Victoria Land to King Edward Land, a distance of some 470 miles. A first vision of this huge wall, close up to which a ship can sail in fine weather, forces ejaculations of astonishment from the spectator. Its face is much more indented with crevasses and hollows than Captain James Ross, its original discoverer, imagined, but he had to stand off at a safe distance in his sailing ship. Mount Erebus, a live volcano, rises like a huge castle at its western end and there is much crumpling and massing of the ice where the great pressure of the Barrier, which is really a gigantic glacier face, pushes by the rocky base of the mountain. Scott, during his first expedition, noticed two inlets into which he sailed on the occasion of his first expedition. Shackleton, coming later, sought one of these inlets and found it a big bay—the Bay of Whales.

"As we steamed close in to the Barrier," he writes in *The Heart of the Antarctic*

ICE BARRIER

Defied Two American Expeditions

wall of the great ice Barrier has remained a constant extent, Shackleton came in search of a comparatively which he christened the Bay of Whales

and Shackleton expeditions sailed along this stupendous weather, for heavy pack and bergs may close in and put nearly ripped between two cliffs of ice

BAY ICE BROKEN by the effect of swell from the sea to the north of the Barrier. Cakes of ice such as this have evidently been forming in the Bay of Whales

(Heinemann), "watching carefully for any sign of an opening, we were able to observe accurately the various changes in the ice-face. In places the wall was perfectly smooth, clean cut from the top to the water-line; in other places it showed signs of vertical cracks, and sometimes deep caverns appeared, which, illuminated by the reflected light, merged from light translucent blue into the deepest sapphire. At times great black patches appeared on the sides of the Barrier in the distance, but as we neared them they were resolved into huge caverns, some of which cut the water-line. One was so large that it would have been possible to have steamed the *Nimrod* through its entrance without touching either side or its top by mast or yard. In some places a cornice of snow overhung the Barrier top, and again in others the vertical cracks had widened so that some portions of the ice-wall seemed in immediate danger of falling. . . .

"About midnight we suddenly came to the end of a very high portion of the Barrier, and found as we followed round that we were entering a wide, shallow bay. This must have been the inlet where Borchgrevink landed in 1900, but it had greatly changed since that time.

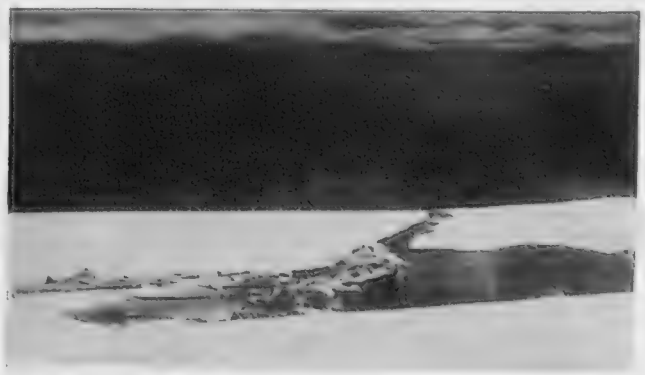
A BYRD EXPEDITION SHIP CLOSE UP TO THE BARRIER FACE: The ice face here towered high above the bay ice, which is broken with lanes of water. The face of the Barrier is full of indentations and crevasses: small bergs calve off more or less regularly and huge floating islands occasionally break away

ANXIOUS HOURS FOR THE CAPTAIN: This picture shows, vividly to the experienced eye, what may occur if the wind gets up in the north. The floe has broken into great masses and a nip seems imminent

"The best-laid schemes often prove impracticable in Polar exploration, and within a few hours our first plan was found impossible of fulfilment. Within thirty-six hours a second arrangement had to be abandoned. We were steaming along westward close to the Barrier, and according to the chart we were due to be abreast of the inlet about 6 a.m., but not a sign was there of the opening. The inlet had disappeared, owing to miles of the Barrier having calved away, leaving a long wide bay joining up with Borchgrevink's Inlet, and the whole was now merged into what we had called the Bay of Whales. This was a great disappointment to us, but we were thankful that the Barrier had broken away before we had made our camp on it. It was bad enough to try and make for a port that had been wiped off the face of the earth, when all the intending inhabitants were safe on board ship, but it would have been infinitely worse if we had landed there whilst the place was still in existence, and that when the ship returned to take us off she should find the place gone."

The whole northern portion of the glacier, with the exception of the ice round the Bay of Whales, appears to be afloat. Scott noticed during his stay in the inlet that the ice rose and fell with the ship although they had evidence of considerable tidal movement. Both the 1934 expeditions have reported that the Barrier seemed to be crumbling—and it may very well be that a period of maximum movement, after an accumulation of pressure, is now taking place. There is a constant calving off of small bergs, but the present movement may be something bigger. Observations at Scott's base showed that the Barrier has been retreating in the past. A backward movement of thirty-five miles was measured.

It has been inferred that the Great Barrier is travelling seawards at the rate of about one-third of a mile per year. From this it may be argued that a snowfall on any part of the Barrier 300 miles inland *would take 900 years to reach the edge* of the Great Barrier where bergs are discharged.



THE BARRIER ITSELF IS CREVASSED: The barrier in certain places exhibits ominous cracks of this nature. They are the preliminary stage to a break-away of Barrier face. There is a mighty splash and a big berg is born

ONE OF DAGENHAM'S CABLE-CARRYING PYLONS lit up at night to warn pilots flying in the vicinity. This picture was taken in clear weather, the crosses appearing sharply defined against the night sky

PILOTS BEWARE: One of the new type of giant gas-holders now in use in this country. It has been suggested in Parliament that they should carry a warning light

DEATH in the AIR

Some Notes on the Pylon Danger to Aircraft

Incertum est quo te loco mors expectet ; itaque in omni loco illam expecta

In February, 1931, a civil light aeroplane collided with the overhead high-tension wires of the electricity grid system at Dagenham, where are the two highest power cable pylons in the country. The pilot, luckily for him, was one of those born to be drowned, and therefore only his machine was put out of action. On February 11 of the same year Captain Harold Balfour, M.C., M.P., the noted airman politician, asked the Under-Secretary of State for Air in the House of Commons whether his attention had been drawn to the recent accident, what steps had been taken to minimize the danger to aircraft from this cause by marking or lighting the pylons to render them visible from the air, and if, as a result of the accident, any further developments in this direction could be speeded up. The answer was that the feasibility of measures for marking was under discussion with the Electricity Commissioners.

That was three years ago, and we are still at the *feasible* stage ; and how long are we to remain there, stuck fast, waiting for more accidents and deaths because the Electricity Commissioners choose to boggle at not *feasible* but *inevitable* and long overdue measures? Is there no whip that can be applied to the tail of this jibbing mare to make her a more willing beast of burden? Who, having committed an irretrievable blunder in covering the countryside with a network of danger traps, so that the coming generation shall not know in what place death waits for it, refuses to mitigate the evil consequences of that blunder by at once making plain to all who fly its death-dealing presence.

On May 6, 1931, Captain Balfour again asked a question, and the answer then was that the technical aspects of the question were under *active* consideration and that a programme of experiments was being drawn up.

Since then warning lights have made their appearance at Dagenham and along the regular airways in the South of England, though the pilot of an Imperial Airways liner is the least likely person in the world to collide with a power cable. But there they have stopped short, and for the rest we have had to be content with that ambiguous phrase, "as far as possible." Everywhere over England stretches this outlandish system, and especially in the West, according to experienced pilots, is the dangerous network most pronounced. "Why light the pylons?" is a favourite question with reactionaries. "And if they are lit ought we not, for logic's sake, to light trees? Who would think of doing that? Which is worse, an 80 ft. pylon in a valley or a 20 ft. tree on the top of a 40 ft. knoll? And the cables are lower than anything else where they run through a valley." Yes, but what about cables and pylons on the skyline? With a tree the pilot does stand a chance of remaining aloft with a whole skin. There are many who have done so. But with a cable or pylon there is none.

Apart from such a weak line of argument is it not better that we should try to emulate, if only in a small way, the American achievement of 19,500 miles of lighted airways by converting this danger line into a safety line with lights at half-mile, or mile, intervals? We certainly haven't a £6,000,000 subsidy for our airways, and lighted pylons will mean further taxation. But at any rate we shall escape the well-deserved opprobrium of our immediate descendants.

Granville Conway

IN FOGGY WEATHER: Another view of one of the Dagenham pylons showing how the warning lights are apt to become blurred. Even this, however, is better than no lights at all—a condition of affairs prevailing in many parts of the country

"CHICAGO MUNICIPAL AIR PORT, TWO MILES": A helpful guide to pilots on one of the city's gas-holders

GAS - HOLDERS

Another Menace to Safety in the Air

The pylon danger to aircraft, which is described in the article above, is certainly a very real one. But in the opinion of many aviators, the new giant type of gas-holder which, unlike the more familiar expanding and contracting containers, is permanent in its external dimensions, constitutes almost as grave a menace.

Several questions have already been asked in Parliament on the subject, and it is being urged from many quarters that warning lights should be placed on the tops of all gas-holders. If a 'plane did chance to hit one of these great structures, there might easily be a repetition of last year's tragedy at Neunkirchen, when hundreds of people lost their lives, thousands were injured, and a large part of the town was rendered uninhabitable.

During question time in Parliament a short while ago, the Under-Secretary of State for Air was asked whether he was aware that a new 300 ft. holder containing, when full, 8,000,000 cubic ft. of gas was on the direct air route between Stag Lane and Heston Aerodromes.

The Government has been made fully aware of the menace, and it is to be hoped that we shall not have to wait for a disaster before action in the matter is taken.

Many people still question the safety of aerial travel, and it is vital that everything should be done to lessen the possibility of accidents. It is only by this means that public confidence can both be preserved and increased.

NEW R.A.F. AND CIVIL FLYING MACHINES

AN UNUSUAL NEW FLYING BOAT: This twin-engined monoplane, which has just been built and launched by Messrs. Short Brothers of Rochester, is noteworthy for its novel wing design. The machine has a loaded weight of 8½ tons and a wing span of 60 ft.

A DAILY AIR SERVICE BETWEEN LONDON AND JERSEY was inaugurated last week when this Jersey Airways 'plane flew from Heston to St. Aubin's Bay in 1 hr. 55 min.

THE NEW R.A.F. HEYFORD BOMBERS are known as "flying dustbins" on account of the special firing turret which they carry beneath the fuselage. The "dustbin" turret shown in this picture can be raised or lowered during flight

AN ECONOMICAL PASSENGER 'PLANE: This is said to be the smallest four-engined air liner yet constructed, and has been made to the order of Imperial Airways Ltd. by the De Havilland Aircraft Company. It will carry a crew of two and ten passengers, and is intended for use on auxiliary and feeder services connecting with the main Empire air routes. It is much less expensive to run than the larger air liners

BIG BUSINESSES (II)

By CHARLES GRAVES

The Making of a Paris Dress Collection

FOR THE YOUTHFUL FIGURE: A striking evening gown in black satin and white organdie

It is worth at least £60,000,000 a year to France that Paris should continue to be the centre of the world's fashions for women. This estimate, given me by an acknowledged expert, includes of course the manufacture of bags, scent, gloves, and shoes, not to mention fabrics. For supposing Paris lost her title her dress collections which opened last week would cease to be the shop window for Lyons, Grasse, and the other big centres which supply the dress-houses with their raw materials.

Altogether there are ten leading *couturières* with another twenty close behind. It is these thirty who dictate the fashions for London, Berlin, New York, Buenos Aires, Rome, and Madrid, as well as for the rest of France. So as to cause no ill-feeling I will give their names alphabetically; they are: Augusta Bernarde, Chanel, Lanvin, Lelong, Molyneux, Paquin, Patou, Schiaparelli, Vionnet, Worth. You will doubtless be surprised at the omission of certain familiar names from this list. But there is some good reason for their absence. Several have gone by the board. One or two, by the death or retirement of their proprietor, have become *declassé*. Others have just ceased to count.

These ten all belong to the P.A.I.S.—the Protection Society of Artistic Industry so-called—and charge buyers 2,500 francs (£30 at the present rate of exchange) merely for admission to each of their collections unless they purchase at least that quantity of goods. This has been made necessary by the enormous increase in the pirating of the latest models—particularly by Germans, who copy them and manufacture them and sell them to English firms within ten days of the opening of the collections. Unfortunately for the Paris dressmakers it is almost impossible to bring a successful action against these arrant thieves. They have only to alter a single button on an elaborate frock and they can claim it bears no resemblance to the original.

These ten houses each possess a staff of at least 500 employees. There will be anything from six to fifteen mannequins, who are paid between £5 and £10 a week. Two years ago some of them were paid as much as £600 a year. On an average there are also six head fitters whose salaries rise from £480 a year to £1,800 a year. Of the second fitters there are about a dozen. Their pay is on the same scale as the mannequins. There are seven head *vendeuses*. In some houses they receive no guarantee. In others, besides the normal 3 per cent. on all sales and 5 per cent. on those of customers whom they have introduced themselves, they receive a guarantee of £480 a year. It is certain that if a *vendeuse* cannot earn at least this amount she is not worth her place. There are also eight or nine second *vendeuses* who are really learning the job. They are given a purely nominal commission and about £2 a week. Nor must one forget the two *directrices des salons*, who are paid anything from £1,200 to £1,800 as well as a commission on clients whom they introduce. Finally, there are about 400 workgirls, who are divided into four grades. The little twelve-year-old apprentices get 15s. a week, the third hands receive 50s. a week, the second hands get £3 a week, while the head girls get £4 a week.

I have said nothing of accountants, secretaries, packers, the stock-room staff, or the people in charge of distribution. But the total amounts, as I say, to at least 500 in the case of these ten leading houses. The second-rank houses employ a staff of anything from 150 to 300. It is one of the comedies of French law, by the way, that each establishment is entitled to 300 extra working hours a year. But it does not matter to the authorities whether the whole staff or a single girl is employed during those hours. In consequence, each firm tries to save up these extra hours for the frenzied fortnight following the spring and autumn and mid-season collections in order to deliver the models chosen by the buyers as soon as possible. If a collection has been a success, something like 900 frocks and tailor-mades, and what-have-you must be made in a little over ten days. But we are getting ahead too fast.

How is a collection put together? I asked Schiaparelli that. We were dining at her house just before her collection opened. I had asked her to dine out with me. But she said she was far too tired to go out. No wonder, poor dear. Thanks to some idiot in the Customs she only received her materials from Great Britain six days before her official opening. They had been sitting there for three weeks, and everyone was so scared of the Stavisky business that it was impossible to get action of any kind. Ordinarily it takes about three weeks to have the clothes made up.

"How is a collection made?" Schiaparelli repeated. "I wish I knew. I think it is the will of God. I can tell you this. Never believe people who tell you that the heads of the leading houses get together and decide what they are going to launch for the next season. Professionally we do not like each other. If we meet officially it is only to agree or disagree about the date of our openings and the cards for the buyers and fashion writers. If there is a certain new trend it is because we have all noticed something excellent and new which were not emphasized at the previous collections. But we all work differently." She poured me out a glass of very old Calvados. "With me it is the materials which cause the hardest work." She went on, "I love new fabrics, and I choose them at least six months ahead. Always I work direct with the manufacturers—avoiding the middlemen."

Having decided on her materials, Schiaparelli now asks her manufacturers to make several trials. Half of them are her own ideas and half are theirs. So the months "drip on," to use her vivid phrase. Often it happens that a mistake in the pattern is seized upon and utilized. "I cannot tell you the complete disillusioning you have with the materials," Schiaparelli will tell you. "Only two or three of the manufacturers really get as interested as you and want to work with you. When they do it is grand. You see all these trials are very expensive for them. And then comes the dyeing. I choose the colours I like and then I send them off. But oh, how often they come out so differently! It is quite a joke to find three navy blues or even two blacks which look alike after they have been dyed. It is worse with the silks even than it is with the wools. You never know how they are going to come out."

In the matter of trimmings—ribbons, scarves, and so forth—Schiaparelli adopts the same method as she does with the line. She gives ideas and asks for ideas. From the combined results comes the ultimate trend. "Sometimes I ask for ideas," she says, "and sometimes I accept them. But it is all very exhausting. Everything is delivered drippingly, and it is most difficult to co-ordinate something of which the elements are missing up to the last minute. Personally, I never show more than a hundred models at a collection. In my opinion it is the limit of what one designer can do. Three hundred are far too many. It means that the same idea is repeated seven or eight times. No human being exists who can produce nine hundred different models a year. One of the greatest strains of a *couturière* is to think up attractive names for her different creations." Schiaparelli has dodged this simply enough. She merely gives numbers, and no wonder, when bags, belts, gloves, and hats must all match, and sometimes, thanks to the dripping nature of their arrival, can only be put together to form the perfect ensemble a few hours before they are shown to the buyers of the world.

Of the buyers, far and away the most important in every way are the Americans. The principal buyers number about fifty, but there are at least another 150 with a strong purchasing power. You should see them at work. They criticize as hard as possible. They say the prices are too high. They say anything derogatory that they can think of. There are various reasons for this. First of all, they hope against hope to bring down the prices; secondly, they try to "kid" the other buyers that they themselves do not intend to return quietly next morning and buy up as many models as possible—the point being that if they can fool the others they will get some kind of monopoly of that particular show for themselves; thirdly, they are so tired that they can hardly see. The most important collections are always staged at the end of the ten days set aside for the Paris collections. The result is that the buyers have seen four collections a day for a week before they show up. They have, moreover, come over with the regular American idea of having a good time in Paris at all costs, and have gone to bed at all hours. So it is hell for them and everybody else.

And yet, despite their behaviour, the *couturière* can tell within five minutes whether her collection is going to be a success. She does not have to wait for the orders. There is a psychological something which I have noticed myself on the rare occasions on which I have attended a dress collection's "private view," so to speak, in Paris. Grumble the buyers never so loudly, and however much they fidget, they cannot conceal their inner feelings. Mind you, some of the buyers are charming. They will go up and tell the *couturière* how good they think it is. Others, often the English, are very blunt, and say quite frankly that they are going to wait for the copyists (as I have said, these are usually Germans) for the bulk of their orders.

The most surprising part of the whole affair is that the leading Paris dress-houses are only too glad if they break even on the cost of their

(Continued on p. 216)

IN THE MANNEQUINS' DRESSING-ROOM: Preparing for a model show

ORIENT and OCCIDENT

A "Camera" Study from Bali, the Dream Island of the East Indies

The daughter of the High Priest of the Coral Temple of Bali posed for this picture by Mr. Burton Holmes, the American traveller, during his recent visit to the island. She was evidently enthralled by the Western method of recording the beauties of her isle. Bali is one of the most picturesque and unspoilt places in the East Indies, and its amenities are watched over by the Dutch with jealous care. The people are skilful agriculturalists, and also excel as sculptors and in the working of gold, silver, and iron. They are of the same stock as the Javanese, and, although they resemble them in general appearance, exceed them in intelligence, stature, and muscular power. In the coastal villages the Balinese largely depend for their livelihood on the fishing industry, and their dugout canoes or "jukongs," built from hollowed tree trunks, are extremely decorative and graceful

THE FALL OF THE SECOND EMPIRE AND THE RISE OF A UNITED GERMANY

The Distinguished Gathering at Versailles when William of Prussia was Proclaimed First German Emperor at the Close of the War of 1870–71

THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT THE PROCLAMATION OF WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA AS GERMAN EMPEROR: This historic event, the sixty-third anniversary of which was celebrated with due ceremony in Berlin last month, took place in the Galerie des Glaces, Versailles, on January 18, 1871. At the time the local German sovereigns were hardly enthusiastic about the King of Prussia becoming their Emperor; and King William, a level-headed old soldier, would not have taken the title but for Bismarck's powers of persuasion

PRINCE ALBERT OF SAXONY AT VERSAILLES

Prince Albert, who is seen in the foreground of this picture, was born in 1828, and ascended the Saxon throne about two years after the historic meeting at Versailles. He died in 1902. [In the Austro-Prussian War of 1866 Saxony sided with Austria but, after her defeat, joined the North German Confederation and paid a huge indemnity to her conquerors. In 1870, in the Franco-Prussian War, the Saxon army fought on the side of Prussia.]

BISMARCK (centre) AND THE GER
The famous Chancellor incurre
records in his *Reflections and*

PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG
lieutenant in the Prussian Guar
some of his fellow officers. Hin
the Austro-Prussian War of 186
Franco-Prussian War. He was
Sedan and the s

ERMAN FOREIGN OFFICE OFFICIALS WHO ATTENDED THE CEREMONY AT VERSAILLES: red the displeasure of King William when he persuaded him to become German Emperor. He nd *Reminiscences* how William on descending from the raised dais after the Proclamation "ignored me as I stood alone upon the free space before it, and passed me by in order to shake hands with the generals standing beside me. He maintained that attitude for several days until gradually our mutual relations returned to their old form"

(arrow), who in 1871 was a ard, seen at Versailles with indenburg served throughout 1866, and afterwards in the s present at the battle of ege of Paris

The accompanying notes are taken from the "Journal of a Staff Officer in Paris during the events of 1870-71," and give an intimate glimpse of two outstanding figures of the time: Bismarck, the German Chancellor, and Jules Favre, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, who settled the terms for the capitulation of Paris in 1871. The writer, who afterwards became Comte d'Herisson, was Aide-de-camp to Favre.

The same day I heard a curious interchange of impressions and opinions between M. de Bismarck and Jules Favre, for it must not be imagined that they conversed all the time solely on the object of their mission. The conversation, guided as a rule by the Chancellor, frequently wandered, and capriciously touched upon every possible subject.

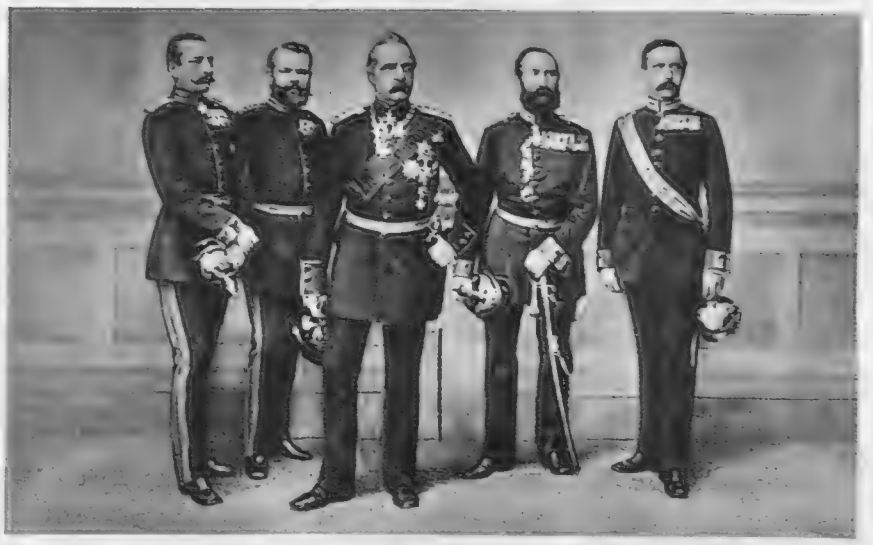
Jules Favre had been speaking of the love of France for liberty, her taste for a Republic, and her Republican sentiments.

"Are you quite sure," replied the Chancellor, "that France is as Republican as you make her out to be?"

"Certainly," said Jules Favre.

"Well, I do not agree with you. Before we entered into negotiations with you we did not neglect, as you may well suppose, to study the moral state of your country and to get at an exact account of it. In spite of this war which has been so disastrous to you, imposed, by the way, on Napoleon III by the French nation rather than desired by him, as I have already told you—and it was this consideration which allowed us, after having overthrown the Empire, to fight France, our old and real enemy—in spite of the disasters and defeats of your army, nothing would be easier, believe me, than to re-establish the Empire. I will not maintain against you that it would have been received with acclamation in Paris, but it would certainly have been accepted or submitted to in the country. A plebiscite would have done the rest."

(Continued on p. 202)



COUNT VON ROON, THE GERMAN MINISTER FOR WAR, AND HIS STAFF: His work of reorganizing the army after taking office in 1859 was brilliantly manifested in the Franco-Prussian War. In recognition of his services he was made a Count in 1871 and a Field-marshal in 1873

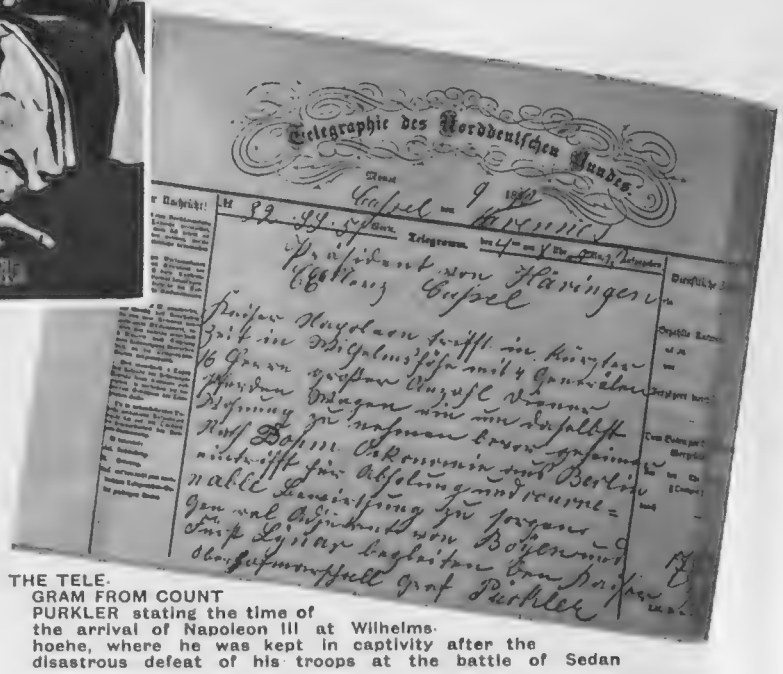
Right—PRINCE LUITPOLD OF BAVARIA (third from left) with members of his staff at Versailles. After the suicide of the eccentric Louis II of Bavaria in 1886, Prince Luitpold became Regent for his insane nephew Otho William. He lived to be over ninety

AN HISTORIC GROUP—THREE GENERATIONS OF THE GERMAN IMPERIAL FAMILY: William I, King of Prussia (second from left), who was proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles in 1871. On the extreme right is his son, Frederick William III, who was born in 1831 and succeeded to the throne in 1888. He reigned for only a few months. Seated facing him is his wife, Princess Victoria, daughter of Queen Victoria, and between them is their eldest son William, to-day an exile at Doorn

1870—1871

Extracts from the Journal of a Staff Officer in Paris

(*Continued from p. 201*)



THE TELEGRAM FROM COUNT PURKLER stating the time of the arrival of Napoleon III at Wilhelmshoehe, where he was kept in captivity after the disastrous defeat of his troops at the battle of Sedan

"No; if we have not treated with the Bonapartes, it is simply because we have found it more advantageous to treat with you. As for the pretended love of France for the Republic, it would have disappeared with marvellous facility.

"You have not been long in power. Wait; when you have had the management of men for some years, from the Liberal you are now you will become authoritative; from Republican, Monarchist. Believe me, you cannot lead a great nation, nor can you render it prosperous, outside the principle of authority; in other words, monarchy." As Jules Favre protested, the Chancellor continued:

"You will come to it. It will be in spite of you, I admit thoroughly, but you will come to it all the same. You are too clear-sighted not to recognize it speedily, and too patriotic to persist in that case in your error. Look at me. How did I begin? I was a Liberal, and it is only by sheer force of reasoning, by the evidence of facts and the experience of men that, loving my country and longing for her good and her greatness, I became a Conservative—ultra-Conservative if you prefer it. The Emperor converted me. My gratitude to him and my respectful affection date from that far-off time—that difficult period when he had such confidence in me that he supported me alone, before and against everybody."

A DELICATE MISSION

Jules Favre's Aide-de-Camp Pays a Visit to Bismarck, the German Chancellor

"What is all this about?" he exclaimed. "Everything was settled. Is M. Jules Favre absolutely bent on starving this capital and allowing Europe to think that it is our fault?"

"M. Jules Favre," I replied, "has not changed his mind. He had to submit the convention to the Government. He has submitted it, and I have the honour to bring you the reply."

"Come, come," said the Chancellor, "let us see what these alterations are, and whether it is possible to agree to them."

"Here they are: First—The Government desires that, in conformity with the wishes expressed more than once by our plenipotentiaries in the course of the numerous discussions which have taken place on the subject, you will withdraw your stipulation that the guns now mounted on the fortifications of Paris shall be thrown over into the ditches. The Government asks you to consent to these guns' being simply dismounted and placed in the roadway in rear of the ramparts. Second—That you will consent to the line of investment round Paris as set forth in the tracing by the French Headquarters Staff, and that you will abandon the line finally marked out by the German Staff. Third, lastly—and this is a *sine quâ non*—the Government desires that, in opposition to what has already been agreed upon, the army of Paris shall retain its colours."

I stopped, frightened at my own audacity and listening to my own words as if somebody else had uttered them.

M. de Bismarck's anger, which had been gradually rising, burst forth suddenly and, banging the door which he had left half-open behind him, he said to me, emphasizing his words and raising his voice:

"Do not these gentlemen understand that all this is forced on me by our staff? That I personally have nothing to do in this particular matter? And that, as I have told M. Jules Favre, our officers are never tired of saying, 'Soldiers win the victories, and diplomatists spoil them'?"

He walked up and down for several moments with such a wrathful expression on his face that I thought I had gone too far, and if it had not been for my ardent desire to succeed I should have made up my mind to apologize.

"Wait here," he said at last, "I will go and speak to the Emperor."

He put on his white cap with the yellow band, and with a determined step left the house.

I waited for two hours, a prey to the liveliest anxiety in regard to the result of my attempt. The breakfast hour had passed a considerable time before the Chancellor, for whom I had never ceased to watch, returned—as calm now as he had been agitated before.

"I am very late," he said, "but it is all the fault of M. de Moltke. I had prevailed on the Emperor to accede to your requests; the Marshal interposed and begged His Majesty to refuse. The Emperor had therefore formally to signify his pleasure. All is now settled. The guns are not to be thrown over into the ditches. We will limit the investment to line No. 1 on the French tracing; and as for the colours, the Emperor's own words were: 'You can inform the envoy of the French Government that we have enough trophies of our victories, and enough colours captured from the French armies, to have no need to add those of the army of Paris.'"

I at once took my leave of the Chancellor. I felt as light as a bird, and I did not even pay any attention to the downright rudeness of the employees in the anteroom, not one of whom made room for me to pass. They were making me pay for the politeness they were compelled to show me when I was with the Chancellor.

Who was most astonished, on my return, at the boldness of my experiment and its unheard-of success? My old chief, General Schmitz, to whom I went first of all to recount my adventure, and who undertook to inform the Government of it. The excellent General was very much moved; he embraced me several times, and such is the value of the esteem of certain men that I considered his emotion and reception as the sweetest and most precious recompense of my efforts.

I did not return to Paris alone. Just as I was taking my leave of M. de Bismarck, dissembling the joy which filled my soul, and abusing for the last time the condescension that he had manifested towards me, I had the audacity to make a personal request.

"Your Excellency," I said, "I have come alone and I am not afraid of compromising my Minister by the propinquity of a few eatables. Will your Excellency authorize me to introduce into Paris the first convoy of provisions, and permit me to wait in your garden while I send into the town for some bread, butter, and fowls?"

M. de Bismarck burst out laughing.

"I ought," he replied, "to have thought of sending you on that errand some days ago."

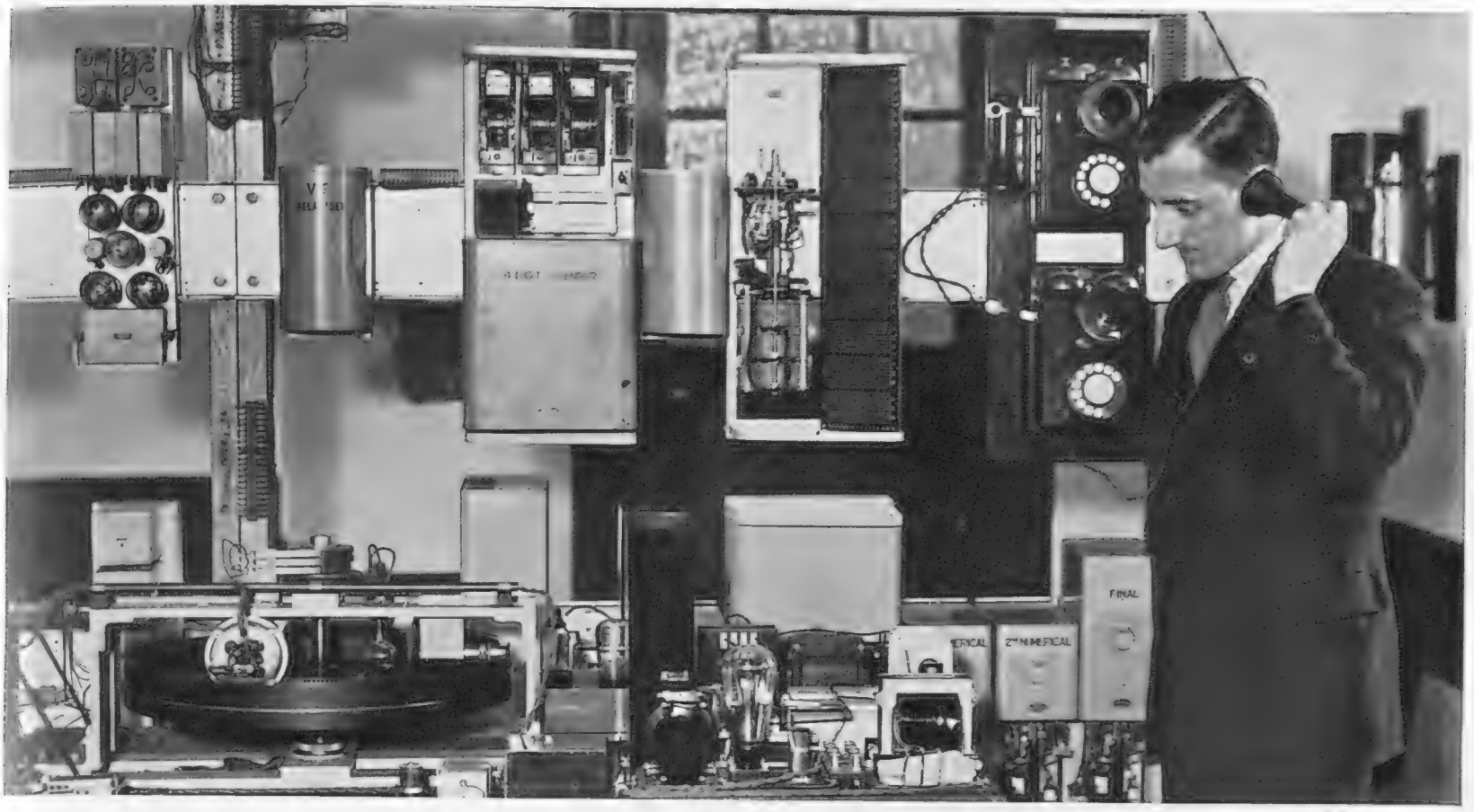
Great God! What delicacies were to be had in Versailles for a hundred francs intelligently spent! And what a fortune I might have made if, instead of a *coupé* and a few louis, I had had at my disposal a large cart and a few thousand francs! And to how many people I was able to bring happiness that day—people who were far from suspecting that the most precious things I brought back were my bread, my butter, and my fowls.

THE FRENCH CABINET COUNCIL which declared war against Prussia in 1870. Had it not been for the impossible demands of the French and for Bismarck's alteration of the King of Prussia's telegram from Ems, war would have been averted

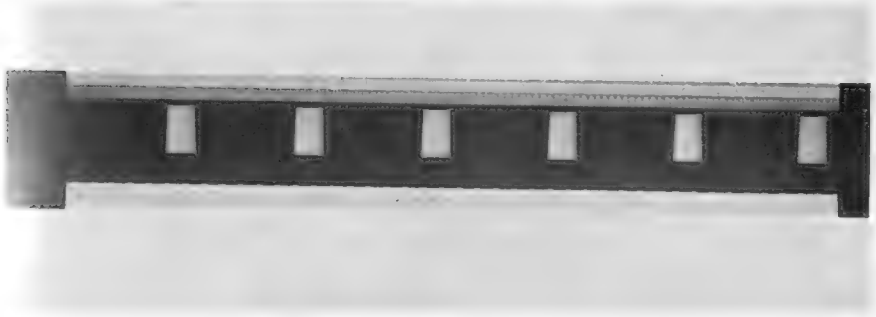
JULES FAVRE, the French Foreign Minister who settled the terms for the capitulation of Paris

THE ROBOT TELEPHONE OPERATOR

And Other Matters of Mechanical Interest



"YET MUST THOU HEAR A VOICE": This intricate-looking piece of mechanism has been devised at the Post Office Research Station at Dollis Hill to replace the tone signals which are at present in use on the automatic telephone system. This robot operator, which is really a miniature talkie projector, now announces "Number Engaged" or "Number Unobtainable" at the appropriate times and, provided the present tests now being carried out with it are a success, it is likely to become part of the equipment of every automatic exchange. One of the initial difficulties, according to a telephone engineer, will be to teach the public not to talk to the voice



PORTION OF THE STRIP OF TALKIE FILM which is attached to the 12-in. diameter wheel shown in the top picture and which, when necessary, announces to telephone users that numbers are either engaged or unobtainable

A BOON TO BUILDERS: This machine, which is the invention of Mr. S. A. Willmott and Mr. A. C. Johnasen of Paignton, Devon, is used for the rapid laying of mortar. It does the work of three men

THE L.M.S. RAILWAY VIADUCT AT SHARNBROOK, BEDFORDSHIRE, which was built in 1881, is now being overhauled for the first time. New steel plates are being put in without interference to traffic

THE BATTLE OF THE ETHER: Wireless amateurs all over the world took part last week in their annual transmitting and receiving contest. Competitors had to get in touch with as many British Empire stations as they could, and a trophy was awarded to the station gaining the most successes. This picture shows Mr. H. D. Price of Sydenham, who in the 1933 contest made contact with over forty amateurs in Australia

PRAM OR CAR?

England's Steadily Declining Birth-rate—A Vital Post-War Problem

FRESH AIR IN A FLAT: A difficult problem solved ingeniously

Europe is suffering not only from a famine in money but from a shortage of babies, and there is not necessarily any relation between the two facts. For many years the birth-rate has been falling in most of the countries that comprise the Continent, with England leading the way in a retrograde sense.

In the past fourteen years the number of babies born in a year in England and Wales has fallen from nearly 1,000,000 to little more than 600,000. In other words, about twenty-five babies were born to every 1,000 persons in 1920, whereas last year only fourteen persons out of every 1,000 shared the joys and trials of parenthood.

It is true that 1920, when the million was all but reached, was a record year, due to the return of so many men from the Services after the Great War, but the fact remains that there has been a reduction year after year, and for the last five years a new low record has been set up each year. There is little doubt that, when the returns are compared, last year's rate for England and Wales will be found to have been the worst for the whole of Europe. In 1931 our rate was 15·8 babies to 1,000 people—last year it was 14·4 per 1,000, and Sweden was the only country with a lower rate.

It is only necessary to look around to see some of the results—if not the causes—of this decline. A few years ago the "baby-car" meant some form of perambulator; the modern "baby-car" is seen in its thousands on the roads instead of on the pavements, and it contains adults instead of children. To the majority of those seeking a new house a garage is of more importance than a nursery, and a large proportion of young couples seriously discuss whether they shall indulge in a car or a "pram" at the outset of their married life, being unable to run to both owing to the present economic conditions.

The growth of flat life imposes a limitation upon families which quickly becomes a habit, for in many cases a term of the lease practically implies "no children." Another factor is the custom, often forced upon the parties by small salaries, for a wife to retain her job, for a time at least. In these days it is not unusual for the bride to bring more money to the joint household exchequer than the husband, and to jeopardize the larger half of the income by parenthood is not to be thought of until the man's position improves.

The uncertainty of commercial life to-day is, indeed, a cause of many couples deciding to wait for better times industrially before thinking of bringing up a family, and another proof that this self-denying ordinance is not entirely due to selfishness and a desire for "a good time" is the number of couples who adopt a child. The societies which minister to this demand have seen no falling-off in the applications that reach them.

Not long ago a German expert on the problem hazarded the opinion that 40 per cent. of the marriages which had taken place in Europe since the War were childless, while at least another 20 per cent. had produced only one or two children. If this view be correct it is not surprising that so careful a prophet as Professor J. B. S. Haldane should believe that from 1950 we must expect a drop in our population. Actually, Professor Haldane thinks that a stable or diminished population is desirable from many points of view, and with life as difficult as it has been for some time he will have many supporters.

Meanwhile eugenists welcome the decline and point to the improved infantile mortality figures. One has even gone as far as to suggest that legislation should be passed preventing every wife from having more than two children without an official permit! On the other hand, the Dictators of Europe are seriously concerned with the situation, and both Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler are appealing to their fellow-countrymen and women to increase the size of their families.

Only a few months ago, when 2,500 couples were married simultaneously in Rome, the Duce gave each happy pair a substantial cheque. He also emphasized to them the need for an increase in population. As an inducement to bring up a large family, Italians are taxed according to the number of their children, while bachelors have to pay heavily for the privilege of single blessedness.

THEY MAY BE A TROUBLE WHEN THEY ARE LITTLE, but later on they can help to take the burden off father's shoulders

DOWN THE ROAD OF LIFE TOGETHER: Which will they choose, a car or a baby?

TWO'S COMPANY, but three helps the birth-rate

Right — THE LUNCH HOUR: A summer-time study in a London park

In Germany the Nazis are aiming at "four children in every family," and there also substantial reductions in taxation are offered for a large quiverful. A system is being worked out with the object of equalizing the economic burden for all, whether the family consists of one, two, or more. To a small extent, something of the kind has been done in this country for years, for all children of school age mean a reduction in the amount of income assessable to income-tax. However, England has not yet seen a national appeal for more babies.

LAMBING TIME IN ENGLAND

Scenes in Sussex and Herefordshire

A ANXIOUS AND BUSY TIME FOR THE SHEPHERD, who, during the lambing season, must be prepared to work at all hours of the day and night. This picture comes from Herefordshire

LOOKING FOR WHAT HE HOPES HE MAY NOT FIND: A shepherd examining young lambs for signs of disease in a Southdown fold in West Sussex

A SUNLIT LAMBING FOLD AT TILLINGTON, SUSSEX: Sturdy lambs enjoying their first days in ideal weather conditions

TAKING WAYS: An entertaining picture from a Herefordshire farm

ON MAJOR J. S. COURTAULD'S ESTATE AT BURTON, SUSSEX: Bringing in black and white Spanish lambs at feeding time

From all accounts, prospects for the 1934 lambing season are excellent, and, if the season progresses as it has begun, sheep farmers should have little to fear. During the past week or so there has been plenty of sunshine, but some of the very early arrivals in December had to put up with heavy snow and frost. Sheep occupying the sown or low ground pastures produce the majority of early lambs, and, on account of ample feeding, frequently have healthy twins. Triplets are often difficult to rear, but the ewe is well able to care for two.

A PAGE FOR THE PICTURE LOVER AND COLLECTOR

Portraits from the Leopold Hirsch Collection Which is to be Sold at Christie's in May

"MRS. THOMAS RAIKES," BY ROMNEY: The sitter was the wife of a Governor of the Bank of England

"MADAME FRANCESCA LE BRUN," BY GAINSBOROUGH: She was a prima donna in the Italian opera in 1780

For many years past the name of Hirsch has been well known in the art world—two brothers, Leopold and Henry, being famous for their collections, which had been gathered with great selective taste and understanding. They both died last year, Mr. Leopold Hirsch some months ago, and Mr. Henry Hirsch passing away just a few days before the new year. It was owing to ill-health, it was said, that in 1931 Mr. Henry Hirsch parted with the bulk of his collection which, even in the height of the "slump" period, realized the considerable total of over £70,000. This was due entirely to the excellent quality of every item, for it is a well-known saying in the auction rooms that whatever the conditions of the market a good article attains its full value. Those who were present in Messrs. Christie's salerooms in June, 1931, remember the excitement when Mr. Henry Hirsch's pictures were sold—only twenty-seven in number—but so well chosen that £15,456 was obtained for them.

The whole of the second week in the coming May is to be devoted by Messrs. Christie to the disposal of Mr. Leopold Hirsch's collection—three days being given to the furniture, one day to the silver, and one to the pictures. Both the Hirsch brothers gave their keenest attention to the collecting of fine furniture, apparently regarding their pictures as of somewhat secondary importance, though nothing was bought without wide knowledge on the subject. The picture sale which takes place on May 11 consists in part of engravings and woodcuts by Albrecht Dürer, etchings by Whistler, and some modern drawings, but the more important section concerns the works of Old Masters and portraits of the British School.

The sixteen pictures by British artists are all portraits, with the exception of two pictures by George Morland, who was essentially a landscape painter, though the figures he always introduced are a great attraction. With Morland everything appears so artless and natural that it would almost seem that wherever he sat down to paint, groups of children, countryfolk, naughty boys up to tricks, gipsies or fortune-tellers, just dropped into places, without posing or intention. The two examples which are to be sold on May 11 are particularly attractive. "Children Bird-nesting" shows a landscape with a stream and children engaged in the thoughtless delight of bird-robbing. One boy is up an oak tree, just about to put his hand upon a nest, while another boy stands below holding up his hat to catch the spoils, and a little girl is holding out her pinafore; other children are looking at a boy lying on the ground, who has a nest of young birds in his hat. "Juvenile Navigators" is a pleasanter subject, unconnected with destruction, showing children on a grassy bank playing with a toy boat on the water, while close to them is an old thatched cottage whose stone porch bears the date, 1690.

The portraits in the British section are by Gainsborough, Hoppner, Lawrence, Reynolds, Raeburn, and Romney, possibly chosen by Mr. Leopold Hirsch as eminently suitable to appear among his Chippendale furniture. There is a charming portrait by Romney of Mrs. Thomas Raikes, formerly Miss Charlotte Finch, the great-granddaughter of Heneage Finch, the 1st Earl of Nottingham, who was responsible for the original building of what is now known as Kensington Palace.

He had acquired the estate (now Kensington Gardens) and built the house which his son Daniel sold to King William III when our Dutch king wanted a country residence, near Whitehall, which was free from smoke. Miss Finch married Mr. Thomas Raikes, Governor of the Bank of England, and had a son, Thomas, who had a mild celebrity as a dandy, loving to haunt the clubs when he could escape from his duties at the Bank. The clubs' wits dubbed him "Apollo," because "he rose in the East and set in the West." The diary that he kept is of interest as it gives some intimate details about some of the leading men of his day.

Gainsborough is represented by the portrait of Madame Francesca le Brun, a prima donna in the Italian opera in 1780; Reynolds by a large picture of Lord Loughborough (a Scottish lawyer who joined the English Bar and became Lord Chancellor in 1793), a portrait of Lady Dacre and another of Constantine, 1st Lord Mulgrave; and the three examples of Raeburn, include a portrait

(Continued on p. 216)

MINIATURES IN THE HIRSCH COLLECTION

"LIEUT.-COLONEL MORRISON," BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, the famous Edinburgh portrait painter

"CANON JEAN DE CARONDELET," by the Flemish painter, Jan Mabuse. Carondelet was secretary to the Emperor Charles V

THE CUP-BEARER OF JAMES THE FIRST

A Little-Known Work in the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland

This portrait, which is of considerable historical and personal interest, if not of great artistic merit, is now hanging in the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland. The subject is Sir David Murray, cup-bearer to James VI of Scotland and James I of England—an office of dignity to which he was appointed in 1584.

He received his knighthood after fifteen years' service, in 1605 was raised to the peerage as Lord Scone, and then in 1621 was created Viscount of Stormont. This is only the second time that this portrait, which is by an unknown artist, has ever been published.

The cup, which the subject is holding with such obvious reverence, is of particular interest in that it is quite unadorned and is of plain silver. In a ceremonial vessel of this importance one would have expected it to be of pure gold, or at least of silver gilt. One authority on the subject affirms that the cup is the actual one borne at the Coronation of the King.

A writer in *Apollo* states: "The cup bears no resemblance in form or decoration to the characteristically Scottish cups fashionable in the second half of the sixteenth century and the first half of the seventeenth century, such as the standing mazer of the Earl of Galloway, dated 1569 and made by James Craufuird, of Edinburgh, and the historic standing mazer of General Sir Charles Fergusson, Bart., made in 1576 by Adam Craige, of Edinburgh, while James Mossman was Deacon of the Guild.

The suggestion that the cup depicted in the portrait came from the workshop of the celebrated Edinburgh goldsmith, George Heriot, or that of his more famous son of the same name, must be regretfully dismissed in view of the presence of four (London) marks instead of the conventional three used by members of the Goldsmith's Guild of Edinburgh."

ENTERTAINERS and the ENTERTAINED

"BALLETS JOOSS" AT THE GAIETY: Two scenes from the ballet, *A Ball in Old Vienna*, one of the features of the entertainment provided by Herr Kurt Jooss and his young dancers from Essen. From the stately approach of partners, the dancers pass into a tempest of action

REFLECTIONS AT THE DRESSING-TABLE: Miss Frances Williams, who has been described as "Broadway's best-dressed star," has arrived in London to fulfil a restaurant engagement

HUNTING FOLK AT THE SAVOY: Captain O'Beirne of the Inniskilling Dragoons, Miss Rosario Scrope, Captain H. Ford, and Miss Margie Eyston taking supper at the United Hunts' ball

AT THE UNITED HUNTS' BALL: Michael Beary, the well-known jockey, dancing with Miss Gunn at last week's function at the Savoy

AN ARTIST'S ARTISTE DAUGHTER: Miss Clelia Matania, the daughter of F. Matania, R.I., in the costume of an Arabian dancer. She will shortly be appearing in Leontine Sagan's production of *Finished Abroad*

LA DANSE DU BALLON: The Nicholls Sisters, whose rhythm dances have been proving a great attraction at the Café de la Paix

THE SCREEN VERSION OF LOUISA M. ALCOTT'S FAMOUS NOVEL, "LITTLE WOMEN," AT THE REGAL: The German professor (Paul Lukas) and Jo (Katharine Hepburn) with whom he falls desperately in love. Miss Hepburn interprets the character of the forceful Jo with remarkable understanding, and in this film certainly lives up to the reputation which she so deservedly won in *A Bill of Divorcement*

PLAYS AN

"Spring 1600" at the Shaftesbury —Emlyn Williams' Charming Play of the Elizabethan Period: "First Episode" Provides Good Entertainment at the Comedy: The Shortcomings of "Mr. Whittington"

By PHILIP PAGE

"What can have induced young Emlyn Williams," was a question I overheard in the foyer of the Shaftesbury Theatre before the curtain rose on the first performance, "to call his play 'Spring One-Six-Double-O'?" This was asked in all seriousness, so it is obvious that either the play-going public are not so saturated with plays of the Elizabethan period as is generally supposed or that they cannot recognize a significant date when they see one. For I hasten to add that *Spring 1600* is Tudor and not telephonic.

It is a charming piece. Scarcely a quality that goes to make all that is best in drama is lacking. The young author has something of the Elizabethan about him, and it may be that those who are seeking another literary renaissance, at any rate in the theatre, will not be disappointed. Here is a man who knows the theatre, who loves the theatre, and is not afraid to give to it the colour and the movement and the romance that make it in the best sense theatrical. He is something of a poet, too. He does not clothe his play with Wardour Street English (by which I do not mean film English) but he is not afraid to give his characters lines they can get their teeth into, and situations in which they can let themselves go.

The little plot is fantastical-romantical, and, as far as part of it takes place in rural Essex with a sprinkling of real personages, pastoral-historical. Ann, daughter of William Byrd, the composer, does not relish the prospect of marrying a dull young squire, with listening to the virginals as her main relaxation. So little is she herself virginal that she runs away with a strolling clown and joins Richard Burbage's company of actors in London, pretending to be a boy-actor.

It is impressed on us that she remains "quite a nice girl," a supposition which even the smallest knowledge of the period renders as difficult of belief as Miss Gertrude Lawrence's chaste adventures in *Nymph Errant*.

Burbage thinks her acting wonderful without suspecting her real sex; Ann is so conscious of Burbage's sex that she falls in love with him and shows a very proper, or improper, female jealousy when Burbage strays from his sensible wife to dally with a posturing hussy with the preposterous name of Lady Coperario. The hussy keeps Burbage—not the most pleasant of companions since he is drunk, quarrelsome, and sick of her—in her rooms until shortly before he is due to appear on the stage in his new theatre, in front of which half London is clamouring for admission. Ann and Mrs. Burbage rescue him together, and the curtain falls as the curtains parted in that new theatre on a performance of *Twelfth Night*, with Ann as Viola.

The conventionally happy ending would have been to round off the romance by disposing somehow of Mrs. Burbage and by letting Burbage marry the adoring Ann. Mr. Williams does not do that, but sends Ann back to Essex to marry a squire only slightly less dull than the one that caused all the pother.

Ann and Burbage are really but pegs on which to hang back-stage pictures of a fascinating epoch, fascinating, that is to say, for those who can get a pleasant little heart throb out of seeing the "manuscript" of *Hamlet* chucked casually about in a player's bedroom and of hearing comments on a new madrigal by Byrd. The atmosphere has to be created with care to bring this about; thanks to the scenery, the costumes, the dresses, the music, a good production, and immaculate acting from almost everyone concerned that excitement is forthcoming.

A high plane of drama is reached in the scene where the drunken though still eloquent Burbage rejects Lady Coperario, ignores Ann, and talks of his ambitions, of love as an actor feels, or does not feel, it. The comedy is still better. It is of the healthily epicene type, and the debt the play owes to Mr. Frank Pettingell's amusing touches as an ageing ex-Juliet is incalculable. Miss Joyce Bland as Ann might have been a little broader and more emphatic; but circumstances warranted a certain degree of timidity, and on the whole this was a good performance.

Mr. Ian Hunter's fine voice and presence made Burbage sympathetic for all his ranting—again the true Elizabethan flavour. Miss Isabel Jeans's methods are familiar, and if her Lady Coperario, with voice a shade too artificial and poise of hands and fingers a shade too obvious, would have fitted any century, she was none the less alluring. Mr. Lawrence Baskcomb's clown and Miss Margaret Webster's nice Mrs. Burbage had the ring of humanity about them.

IN THE NEW HIPPODROME PRODUCTION: Elsie Randolph who stars with Jack Buchanan in *Mr. Whittington*, which began its run last week

D FILMS OF TO-DAY

"First Episode."—Since a large number of our young actors of to-day have graduated histrionically at Oxford, and many of our actresses have been associated professionally with the productions of the O.U.D.S., one has to step warily in considering certain aspects of *First Episode* at the Comedy Theatre. Many an undergraduate has fallen in love with an actress during Shakespearean rehearsals in George Street, or during (and after) lunch parties given with all the glory of the college silver, specially hired, like the guest of honour. Some have married such actresses. A few are still married to them.

The authors of this play know their world and write about it in vivid and amusing fashion. They write freely, and if some of their wit earns its laughter because it is what is politely called "daring" (and what I would impolitely but more truthfully call rather nasty) it is a witty play none the less, mercifully free from boredom, a good entertainment from beginning to end.

Actress No. 1 has dazzled the eyes of an impecunious undergraduate who borrows money from his richer and slightly older companion in order to entertain her. The older undergraduate, in love, but not uncomfortably so, with Actress No. 2, dislikes Actress No. 1 because she is a predatory creature who is ruining his friend's work and compelling him to make a complete idiot of himself. That has a smack of history about it.

The subsequent development could not have happened in pre-War Oxford; but my knowledge of post-War Oxford being almost nil I would not care to swear that it could not happen to-day. Actress No. 1 has genuinely fallen in love with her undergraduate, who promptly cools off—that being the way of the world. She thinks this is his friend's doing, so in revenge rings up the proctors to tell them that the friend is in an hotel bedroom with Actress No. 2. He is caught in what the late Charles Brookfield used to call "flagrant delight," and is sent down. Actress No. 1 regards the havoc she has wrought and returns to London and to a stage not hampered by proctorial regulations.

MELODRAMA AT THE LITTLE: Hare (Kenneth Buckley), "the man who did wrong to his parents," avowing his innocence to Carlyle (Walter Fitzgerald) and Barbara (Peggy Ann Wood) in *East Lynne*

"Mr. Whittington."—To transform a fifteenth-century pantomime story into a twentieth-century musical comedy might conceivably save a lot of trouble and result in a fresh and ingenious entertainment. This was done successfully some years ago in the case of *The Catch of the Season*, alias *Cinderella*. The authors, lyric writers, composers, etc., of *Mr. Whittington*—and their name is legion—have gone to a vast amount of trouble in making their play as little like the traditional yarn as possible. So far removed is it that only the name of Whittington remains, and a picture thrown on the screen of Mr. Jack Buchanan in Lord Mayoral robes and coach being cheered in the streets. I think we might have had some fun with the cat, and Alice Fitzwarren and the Emperor and the killing of the rats, duly brought up-to-date.

There need be no objection to the present plot as such, for it is no sillier than that of most musical plays of the splendiferous type. The only reason I can see for dragging the honoured name of Whittington in at all is that the humour is of medieval vintage. Sir Richard Whittington, I find, was born about 1358 and died in 1423. Since most of the jokes, merrie conceits, japes, and quips fantastickal now uttered at the Hippodrome were almost certainly doing duty earlier than A.D. 1300 Sir Richard would probably have been nearly as exasperated by them as I was. The passing of centuries had mellowed some, giving them the lure of museum pieces; but even these did not soar very high, for in the first half alone I counted eleven humorous references to the part of the anatomy on which one sits.

In the second half of *Mr. Whittington* the authors throw in their hand, as it were, by putting on the stage a nigger minstrel entertainment (white niggers) and allowing the audience to taste jokes that are intentionally stale. One can laugh at an old joke just because it is old a little bit for a very short time; the mistake is here made of introducing an interlocutor, corner-men, and the rest of it who went on and on asking one another antique conundrums and making feeble puns until the laughter wilted away in a depressing diminuendo, and for long stretches it ceased to be altogether.

Fortunately a film came to the rescue, showing with genuine comicality how the hero achieved athletic victories innumerable on land, air and water, and became Lord Mayor of London as the result of it. It is, I fear, not much tribute to the pens of the Hippodrome fun-makers that by far the most amusing episode in the whole of their entertainment should have been one in which not one word was spoken.

I would hesitate to condemn the drill movements of a large chorus who know how to dance, and the crash and blare of one of the loudest orchestras on record, simply because I can find in this no entertainment at all; for it was obvious from the delight with which these manœuvres were greeted that the majority of the audience liked them very much indeed. They could not have been carried out with more garish efficiency.

A burlesque ballet of policemen, another burlesque of a boxing match between the hero and the villain, and the Derby, with the whole company lined up behind the footlights and marking excitedly the progress of a race supposed to be taking place at the back of the dress-circle—most of this has done duty in musical comedy many times, and I have never known it done better.

Mr. Jack Buchanan is wholly delightful and *Mr. Whittington* should be as grateful to him as *Gay Divorce*, I hope, is to Mr. Fred Astaire.

Miss Elsie Randolph has fully grasped the notion that the duty of a leading lady is to lead. She has plenty of talent and is not afraid of hard work; but she would achieve the same effect, or even a better one, were she to be less — shall I say?—ubiquitous. The remainder of the cast were, perforce, fleeting shadows. Mr. Alfred Drayton, that brilliant actor, grasped at what chance he was allowed of giving an echo of his *Our Betters* portrait of a man of little breeding and much wealth; Mr. Fred Emney was nearly permitted to suggest that he might one day be another G. P. Huntley, and Miss Kathleen Gibson having soon after the rise of the curtain shown signs, by a pretty song and dance, of establishing herself as the heroine was, figuratively speaking, at once spanked and sent home to bed.

On left—LEONORA CORBETT, who is playing in *Birthday*—Rodney Ackland's comedy at the Cambridge Theatre

THE DIRECTOR TOASTS HIS LEADING LADY: Victor Saville, who is directing the Gaumont-British screen version of *Evergreen* which is now being made at Shepherd's Bush, proposing a toast to Jessie Matthews during an interval in the work of production. This particular "set" represents the bar of the Tivoli Music Hall as it was in the 'nineties

MR. A. G. MACDONELL, whose book *Napoleon and His Marshals* has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan

BOOKS:

Mr. A. G. Macdonell Traces the Varied Fortunes of Napoleon's Marshals and Reveals Them as an Unprincipled Gang of Thieves and Adventurers: Mr. Sinclair Lewis Introduces Us to the Hotel Business: Mill Life in the West Riding Provides the Background for Miss Phyllis Bentley's Latest Novel

By CECIL ROBERTS

There are still new worlds to conquer, even in literature. There have been hundreds of books upon Napoleon, but Mr. A. G. Macdonell is the first, I believe, to write a book on the Marshals of Napoleon. In all former accounts of the battles and the victories of the Emperor his lieutenants have been overshadowed by the greatness of the drama and the genius of the little man at its vortex. Here and there the mist lifts, and we glimpse for a few moments, in isolation, one of the conqueror's right-hand men making a decision or a sally that vitally affected the course of the campaign. To the world at large Waterloo was lost by Napoleon and won by Wellington. Actually, it seems to have been lost by Marshal Ney, who countermanded a vital order that would have resulted in the defeat of Blücher and his Prussians, and the retreat of Wellington. But Ney chose to ignore his chief, and the career of Napoleon in Europe was ended.

Mr. Macdonell has walked into a neglected field with his short book, **Napoleon and His Marshals (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)**, but what rich material he has excavated, and what a varied, vivid story he has to tell of these twenty-two Marshals—sons of lawyers, innkeepers, farmers, soap manufacturers, brewers, tanners, and barrel-coopers. They rose to be kings, princes, dukes, and marquises, to be rewarded, hunted, exiled, lynched, shot, and a few to die peacefully in bed, sighing "Que de souvenirs! Que de regrets!" Most of them were adventurers, some blackguards, a few had instincts of loyalty and decency, but nearly all of them possessed courage and lived in the enjoyment of adventure. Mr. Macdonell, in following their varied fortunes, gives us virtually a swift and different survey of the Napoleonic Wars from the first triumphant Italian campaign up to Waterloo. The idea for this book, and the idea is everything when the material lies waiting for the craftsman, as this did, came in a sunny Provençal vineyard. A friend had lent him the *Memoirs of Baron de Marbot*. This and some talk about the tactics of Waterloo, and a glass of vin rosé, were the sources of inspiration.

Mr. Macdonell's opening is stark and forbidding. He gives a list of the Marshals. He gives us a cold, laconic account of the generals of the Italian Army who were awaiting at Nice the advent of the insignificant gunner-general, Bonaparte, who was coming to supersede Schérer. And then, suddenly, Mr. Macdonell reveals the astonishing material he has found. There steps on to the stage the incredible Augereau, killer of his man in duels, libertine and seducer, an invincible braggadocio, the son of a working mason, who began as a footman and ended as Duke of Castiglione. He changed horses many times, and at the end he did not fear to castigate his great chief, whom he met on his way to Elba. "It is thine own insatiable ambition," he cried. "Thou hast sacrificed everything to it, even the happiness of France." Earlier, he had complained bitterly of the man who, "after having sacrificed millions of victims to his ambition, had not known how to die like a soldier." Strange reproof from a military adventurer.

I cannot quite agree with Mr. Macdonell that this Marshal, who fought his way out of the ranks of the Prussian Guard when he wished to desert, who could trounce a powerful representative of the people before whom all men shook, could have been a buffoon and a brute. His men adored him. Napoleon never forgot his heroism at Castiglione, when he saved the day and set him on the road to Empire.

Of very different character and quality was Marmont, the man destined to end the line of the Bonapartes in France when old Ney had cleverly extracted from the Tsar a promise that the dynasty should be maintained. Years later the little King of Rome, a prisoner in the palace of his grandfather, met the Marshal who had betrayed his house, and listened enraptured to details of his great father's campaigns. What were the feelings of Marmont, careful to point the moral to the young eagle that war was a poor game and it was better to be good and content with one's lot? The little eagle heard, but one doubts whether he believed; consumption ended the ambitions of a lad who dreamed of restoring the old glory of France.

When the collapse came, Soult and Marmont adjusted themselves to the Bourbon regime, and Soult quickly readjusted himself when the exile escaped from Elba, and all France rang with his advent. Mr. Macdonell draws attention to an act, or rather an omission, of Wellington's. It is slurred over in most accounts of the Iron Duke. He could have saved Marshal Ney from the firing-squad. An amnesty had been given to the Marshals after Waterloo, and Wellington was a party to that amnesty. But he coldly ignored his promise when Ney was in danger, turned a deaf ear to the Marshal's frantic wife and to the Marshal himself, and let the unfortunate man, after a disgraceful trial, face the firing-squad in the Luxembourg Gardens.

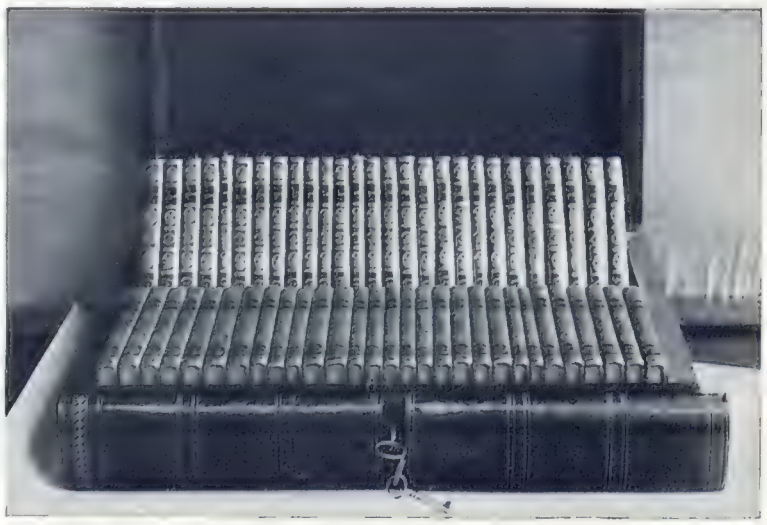
But valour apart, what a low, unprincipled gang of thieves those Marshals were! They talked of glory, of the waving tricolour of France, but all the time they were riding with a keen eye for loot. They sacked Europe between them, and left the land barren as the locusts in Egypt.

Mr. Macdonell has given us a vivid, absorbing book, an essential footnote to the student of Napoleon. He night have called it *Napoleon and His Blackguards*. The acid tone that marks Mr. Macdonell's writing is exactly suited to the description of these Marshals, but unlike that other etcher in acid, Lytton Strachey, Mr. Macdonell is a scrupulous historian, and impartial as a Lord of Appeal. He brings life to figures now remote in legend, and lights the skies of Europe once more with the grand conflagration.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis is never quite happy out of the company of bounders. He prefers "tykes" to types. All his Americans are slick and energetic. He dislikes them when they wish to settle into respectability. He is no believer either in democratic or personal justice. God looks upon his wayward creatures with an impartial and disdainful eye. So in **Work of Art (Cape. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Sinclair Lewis** once again hustles us down Main Street and introduces us to the poor, honest boob and the slick, bohemian bounder. In this case one goes into the hotel business and the other into the poetry business. Contrary to life, it is the poet who triumphs and is whirled away into Hollywood prosperity while the poor, hard-working, decent-minded brother has his dream of the world's most perfect hotel shattered by a murder in one of his bedrooms on the opening night.

Yet Mr. Lewis is gracious enough to allow Poor Business to have a tranquil end. The brother starts all over again, in a smaller and more certain way. The prosperous poet, motoring by and calling for a bed, discovers his brother is the booking clerk in the small commercial hotel. He flees in horror and disgust. But brother Myron is happy. He is asked to become mayor of the town, and his son has dreams of a perfect road-house. Is that all? one might ask. I have omitted the most important ingredient of Mr. Lewis's Western concoctions. He has pep, or gusto. There is speed in everything he writes, just as there is sadism in his use of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. These raw, bragging, language-murdering, 10 per cent. people, deficient in education and excessive in sex, have a grip on life and compel one to listen to their tawdry adventures. Big booze, big business, swell bar-rooms, alimony, imported noblemen—all these aspects of life crowd the pages, together with such expressions of American speech as "I'll be everlastingly doggone hornswoggled if I'll get ahead with dirty little grafts," which means that the hero repudiates an old American institution.

The strange thing is that this queer amalgam of bad language, violence, crude life, and artful roguery binds the attention of the reader to the last page. What is Mr. Lewis's contribution to the fiction of the age? He is a pyrotechnical writer, shooting off endless squibs in the ears of his deafened readers; but the fiery coruscations are so ceaseless, they terminate with such an overwhelming splutter, that one sits, pop-eyed, to see how long the author can keep it up. And he keeps it up to the last page, which proves once more that Mr. Lewis is a master of gunnery in a domain where words are cannon balls; he storms American homes in sheer enjoyment of the noise of their demolition.



NAPOLEONIC TREASURES AT MALMAISON: The Emperor's portable book-case which contains over fifty of his favourite works. The case itself is made to resemble a volume

Miss Phyllis Bentley, who gave us such a good story in *Inheritance*, now returns with **A Modern Tragedy (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.).** She is again faithful to her Yorkshire background, the territory she knows so well, and her drama is played out around the mills and chimneys of Hudley, with its grey sky, mean streets, and the spectre of unemployment. Mill life in West Riding is seen chiefly through the battle, and the defeat, of Walter Haigh and Leonard Tasker, who find themselves in the dock after a bitter struggle to keep their business going. I find an echo of the Kylsant trial in this closing scene, which Miss Bentley presents with such power; but behind and over her story she broods upon the larger drama, reaching into the very heart of our economic system. Here is a novel that does more than entertain. Miss Bentley finds that the only hope lies in the hearts of men themselves, and not in mechanical achievement, splendid and gallant though it often is.

The author of **Aleko, Mr. Kenneth Matthews (Peter Davies. 6s.)**, has presented his difficult story with such literary skill that one is induced to read to the very last page, although there seems a basic dishonesty in the character of the schoolmaster at the Greek Public School, who avoids a clear avowal of the passion that masters him. If the first statement in the letter written to the publishers, and published on the jacket of this story, is not an absolute untruth, then I do not understand what the book is all about. Mr. Matthews, in choosing his theme—common to all school stories these days as the spice in dreary detail, but here the central theme—is rather like a young man who offers to hit a policeman and ends by pinching him and saying it was an accident. This is a most capable study of the Hellenic passion in both the pathological and the psychological sense. It is so well written, so sensitively felt, that I shall watch with alertness for Mr. Matthews' next appearance, with a story in which his courage remains constant, or a theme that does not call for the casuistry of this book.

Lord Berners has given us the opening volume of his autobiography, **First Childhood (Constable. 7s. 6d.).** As the present book only brings us to the age of fourteen I am wondering how many volumes it will take for Lord Berners to carry his adventures up to date. His memory started work at three-and-a-half years old, and he has missed very few details since. His recollection is so meticulous, and at moments mischievous, that my attention was firmly held, though there were moments when I suspected he must have been a horrid child as well as an unusual one. But perhaps we should all appear horrid, with equal candour. Sometimes he is annoyingly evasive. Is his Arley that most lovely castle on the Severn from whose ramparts in my own youth I gazed out on as lovely a scene as ever caused a poet to write? If so, what a lucky child, nursed at the very fountain of the rustic Muse! This is a long book covering a short period, but it leaves me asking for more. Lord Berners recalls clearly the years that are lost in a haze to so many of us.

On page 216 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

"It's raining, and bitter cold outside"

"Yes John my dear, you must have your

DEWAR'S

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. . . so perfectly in keeping—

that new resplendent Morris . . .

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Models from 8-25 h.p. priced from £110-£395 ex works.

MORRIS

THE CAR YOU'RE PROUD TO OWN

DEARER MOTORING IN FRANCE: A petrol dealer putting up the new price of petrol after the imposition of an extra tax

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

It is quite impossible to write about any subject but road safety, at any rate at the commencement of this page. The Government have promised to introduce legislation to deal with the situation, and both of our large motoring organizations, the R.A.C. and the A.A., have forwarded their official opinions to the Minister of Transport. We are all glad to see that the authorities, and our motoring organizations, are alive to the desirability of reducing the number of accidents, but it would be very wrong for anyone to imagine that the number of accidents has increased alarmingly as if motorists had suddenly become butchers on wheels. The truth of the matter is that the number of cars using the roads in this country has increased considerably during the period in question, and the number of accidents has likewise gone up, but the percentage increase of cars is vastly greater than the percentage increase of accidents, so that on a proportionate basis we can fairly say that the increase in the latter is actually less than might reasonably be expected. Still, the horrible truth is that a great number of accidents, fatal and non-fatal, do occur which have no right to occur, and so the present activity on the part of the Government, the R.A.C. and the A.A. is all to the good.

Regarding the proposals put forward by our motoring organizations there is a very welcome unanimity, and this happy state of affairs should certainly produce a good result. All motorists are of the opinion that the Highway Code, which at present is only brought to the notice of motorists, and even then in a complicated form, should be placed in the hands of every road user. If necessary the Government should provide funds to give the Highway Code publicity by means of wireless talks, posters, instruction at schools, and by enlisting the assistance of the Press. As things stand at present the Highway Code is copyright, which prevents it being given publicity in many ways.

There is no use pretending that all motorists are nice, quiet, curly lambs. We have our black sheep, as well as any other class or division of the population. We want to weed the black ones out, and it is up to pedestrians, cyclists, horse drivers, and all other users of the roads to help to get rid of their undesirables. This can scarcely be done unless all classes of road users are made to obey certain rules and regulations in the same way as motorists are compelled to do at the moment. I do not think there is any doubt but that the Government, when it introduces legislation, will endeavour to control the movements of all road users.

There is nothing new in the memoranda prepared by the R.A.C. and the A.A. All the points brought forward have at some time or other been discussed in these notes, and it is very satisfactory to note that neither body attempts to pretend that all motorists are angels. The R.A.C. has quite a lot of suggestions to make regarding the behaviour of motor drivers. Up to the time of writing I have not seen any official comments on the situation from the Cyclists' Touring Club or the Pedestrians' Association. It is to be hoped that these bodies will issue some well-considered statement, and if they are impartial, as I have no doubt they will be, their contributions to the problem should be of considerable assistance.

The winter of 1933-34 will always be remembered for the abnormal number of fogs, not only in the usual month of November but extending at least well into January. Whilst we have had many of these unpleasant days and nights, which culminated on January 24 in what one might term a pea-souper, I do not really think that the fogs are so bad as in the old times up to five years ago. On the particular night mentioned I took well over an hour to travel from Putney Vale to Kingston. I was one of a long, extremely slow-moving queue of cars, and conditions were extremely disagreeable. Several drivers drove their cars on to the pavements and abandoned them.

Although visibility was very difficult I don't think this course was necessary, for I, at least, was able to continue in the procession without putting up my windscreen. When I reached Kingston I thought it advisable to stop for petrol and I then realized that I would be queueless and would be compelled to find my way from Kingston to Leatherhead, probably by myself. The precaution was taken of telephoning home to say that it was quite useless to hold up domestic arrangements as I might be three, six, or twelve hours getting to my destination. Having filled the tank I sallied forth and, although the fog was no better, I was surprised to find that I could get along quite well and with a fair degree of safety. Once the street lamps had been left behind I was even more amazed to find that I was able to engage third gear and progress homewards at almost 30 m.p.h. Drivers tried to hang on behind and I overtook quite a number groping their way in the mist. Being at the wheel of quite a fair-sized car, conditions were none too easy, but my surprising speed was made possible because I have what I think must be the best fog lamp made, fitted on the near-side front dumb-iron. Even on a wide road both kerbs were visible to me and, had I been favoured with the company of a passenger who could have kept a look-out in front, my progress would have been even more rapid.

The fog lamp in question is, I believe, of foreign manufacture and, contrary to the usual views on the subject, it gives a white and not an orange light. Its efficiency would not be so remarkable were it not a fact that my side lamps are really nothing more than illuminated ground glass that literally give no beam whatever. It is quite possible that there are equally good British-made lamps on the market, but unfortunately I have not had the opportunity of testing them. I fitted my present lamp on the recommendation of one of the competitors in the 1933 Monte Carlo Rally, who told me that it really was worth fitting.

On that night in question I had brought home to me more than ever before the great desirability of some central authority regulating road lights. Most of the main streets in Kingston are up at the moment, and it was not an easy matter in the fog to determine on which side of the red lights the car should be driven. In this respect I notice the very commendable plan adopted by the A.A. when they erect Reflex warning signs at the sides of a road.

If these lights are red they should be passed on the right, and if they are white they should be passed on the left. There is no difficulty in remembering what to do because a driver when he sees the red tail lamp of a car ahead passes it on the right, whereas if the lights approaching are white the car is obviously coming towards him and the left-hand side of the road is kept. This system is so simple that it should be adopted straightaway.

In this country car racing closes down during the winter months, and it is, therefore, pleasant to know that we are now only four weeks or so in front of the first Brooklands Open Meeting which takes place on March 3. This fixture will open the 1934 season, which gives every indication of being the most interesting since the War. There is tremendous activity going on behind the scenes with regard to the formation of racing stables. True, some of the cars which these groups and syndicates hope to run are not of British manufacture, but there is at least one stable who are producing specially designed British cars to compete in the important races during the season.

I do not think that promoters of races will have any difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of entries for their events, but whether the majority of these cars will be ready for the early fixtures is a matter of considerable doubt. Every year there is a scramble to be ready in time, but owing to the early commencement of the racing season this year I think the scramble will be more hectic, and we shall not see many of these interesting racing cars before May.

An entirely new departure in exhibitions, so far as the north of England is concerned, will take place during February. The City Hall of Manchester has been taken by the Ford Motor Company for a week from Monday, Feb. 12, and during that time they will stage a more than usually interesting exhibition of their products. Every aspect of modern road transport will be seen from family motoring to heavy goods transport. It would be difficult for any other motoring concern to stage such an attractive and all-embracing exhibition. The Ford Company believe in doing things properly, so that in addition to the exhibits, which most people would consider a sufficient attraction in themselves, famous bands have been engaged to provide popular musical programmes every day. Further, there will be a free cinema show with a continuous programme going on all day. The price of admission, including entertainments tax, will be the moderate sum of 1s.

THE OLD AND THE NEW: The crying need for new and legible sign-posts is amply illustrated by this 100-year-old example which stands on the main London-Cambridge road at Melbourn, near Royston, especially when compared with its modern counterpart recently erected at Manor House, Finsbury Park

A TOURISTS' MECCA: Dorchester, Oxon, an unspoiled old-world village in the Thames Valley. The inn in the foreground is ranked amongst the oldest in the country and is almost unchanged since the days of the stage-coach, while Dorchester Abbey has a famous Jesse window which draws pilgrims from all over the world. The car is one of the new Morris Oxfords

THE MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT might find a worthy site in this Millbank district which is now being so energetically developed. Noticeable are the great blocks of Thames House giving the new note to this area so close to Parliament

THE DOMINIONS OFFICE might find an appropriate home in Carlton House Terrace if this structure were remodelled inside. Nash's exterior, which so many wish to preserve, need not be harmed

THE AIR MINISTRY might find inspiring premises at the Brettenham House site with the necessary additions and a linking archway. The aerial view of London is magnificent from this position. The view sweeps past St. Paul's in one direction and the Houses of Parliament in the other

THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR could find an appropriate home near the County Hall, thus filling out the desired air of governmental concentration

IF 6,000 CIVIL SERVANTS QUITTED THE PROPOSED WHITEHALL MONSTER at the same time there would be grave congestion at the bus halts and on the Underground Railway. This picture was obtained a few days ago when thousands of Civil Servants were trooping to their comfortable offices in the Whitehall area

THE NEW CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: This picture, drawn from the designs of Sir Herbert Baker, shows the Dean's Yard front of the proposed new building to house the central activities of the Church of England in place of the present Church House. Approval has not yet been given to the inclusion of the portico here shown

HOMES for MINISTRIES

Some Suggested Sites

If the Whitehall monster, to which reference was made last week, should dwindle in size to the proportions, say, of a single ministry, it will be necessary to find new homes for the governmental bodies whose present housing accommodation is considered inadequate. An air survey of the district immediately adjacent to Parliament shows that there are a considerable number of sites which recommend themselves as appropriate to the ministries to be rehoused. First, let us look at the Millbank area which is being steadily developed and offers excellent sites. The new note struck by Thames House is being followed up by other big efforts, and one must not forget that the new Lambeth Bridge links the Surrey shore with Westminster. A noble building facing the new Millbank would be a great addition to London.

The Air Ministry should have a site really appropriate to its calling, and perhaps no point gives a grander sweep of the sky and yet is still in close geographical touch with Westminster than the northern end of Waterloo Bridge. With certain adjustments this area stimulates the imagination as a site for aerial planners. And where could the Ministry of Labour be more comfortably housed than near the County Hall? This bank of the river provides evident opportunities for governmental expansion, and that vexed question, the ultimate fate of Carlton House Terrace, might be definitely settled by reconditioning the interior and there housing the Dominions Office. The Nash exterior would be preserved together with the general dignity of the site.

The gateway-to-Whitehall idea suggested last week could be carried to fruition by placing another ministry in new premises overlooking Palace Yard. The site is indicated in one of the overhead views given here. The distribution of ministries here suggested would obviate any excessive crowding of Whitehall by Civil Servants. The huge building with which the Government has been dallying would release some 6,000 Civil Servants upon the pavement of Whitehall, with a consequent crowding of every public vehicle and railway station.

A certain number of Members of Parliament are fortunately becoming more and more alive to all these matters concerning the amenities of London and the town-planning, particularly of the central area of London, around the seat of Government. This area makes, roughly speaking, a triangle extending from the Houses of Parliament to Buckingham Palace, from thence to Trafalgar Square, and back again to the Houses of Parliament. Plans for vast new buildings within it crop up one after the other. The latest is a large new Church House in Dean's Yard which is a beautiful, sequestered square, peaceful and dignified, as the Abbey precincts should be. Many famous people have lived there, among them Edmund Burke and Carte the historian, Camden the great antiquary, Samuel Wesley, and Mrs. Purcell, widow of the famous composer. Now the lovely Georgian houses at the southern end of Dean's Yard are to be pulled down and a great block, two storeys higher than the surrounding houses, is to be erected. It is to be the new Church House, approved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and the Governors of Westminster School. The new Church House would accommodate all the subordinate boards, councils, and commissioners of the Church Assembly and Convocation, and promises great circular chambers and all kinds of magnificent features.

PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

ON AN EQUAL FOOTING: Miss Joanne Safelle, who is 6 ft. 1 in. and is said to be England's tallest mannequin, with her fiancé, Mr. Geoffrey Young. Miss Safelle states that, previously, only short men had proposed to her

MISS PAMELA BOURNE, daughter of Lady Bourne, who is to sail as an apprentice in the famous Finnish barque, *Herzogen Cecilie*, in the forthcoming grain race from Australia. She will join the vessel at Melbourne

A LINGUIST OF THE LINE: The L.M.S. Railway authorities recently discovered that Mr. H. E. Robinson, who worked in the carriage and wagon department at Leeds, could speak French, German, and Italian, and had a working knowledge of Russian, Swedish, Yiddish, Chinese, Japanese, Hindustani, and other languages. He is now employed in the Continental offices at St. Pancras

THE TRAVELLERS' COUNSELLOR: Miss Isabel Crowdy, who has been appointed Information Officer of the Orient Line and whose work it is to help visitors to this country to make the best possible use of their time

SIGNING THE REGISTER: Miss Verena Maxwell and Mr. C. L. Crawley who were married a few days ago at Kilmore Cathedral, County Cavan. The bride was a member of the 1931 British ski-ing team at Mürren

THE MAKER OF WIMBLEDON: Commander G. W. Hillyard, late Secretary of the All England Lawn Tennis Club, who celebrated his seventieth birthday this week. Mrs. Hillyard won the Wimbledon Women's Singles on several occasions, and created a record by winning at the Eastbourne tournament twelve times

A MODERN CINDERELLA: Miss Constance Godridge, the Coventry factory girl who recently won the Gaumont-British film scholarship from 400 competitors, visited Selfridges last week to choose the clothes necessary to the position in the film world to which she has so rapidly ascended. *Left*—Choosing a fur coat. *Centre*—Being fitted with shoes and lingerie. *Right*—Trying on a new evening gown

"SPHERE" CHRISTMAS COMPETITION AWARDS

THE SOLUTION: From a drawing made by Percy Home at Volendam

The solution drawing which appears at the top of this page was made at Volendam, but, strangely enough, the Dutch competitors failed to realize this. [Cheques will in due course be forwarded to the three prizewinners.]

As usual, THE SPHERE Christmas pictorial competition has attracted a host of entries, and readers have shown considerable ingenuity in assembling the picture. Entries have come from such places as Switzerland, the Sudan, Jamaica, Argentina, Portugal, Holland, Uruguay, Egypt, South Africa, France, the United States, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, and it has not been an easy task to decide the winner.

FIRST PRIZE: From J. P. Sayer of Finchley, N.3.

This year, however, a London reader, J. P. Sayer of 2, The Hawthorns, Finchley, receives the first prize of £5. This is an excellent piece of work and, but for a few minor mistakes, adheres surprisingly closely to the original. The second prize of £3 goes to I. F. Carr of St. James's Vicarage, Teignmouth, Devon. This is another good attempt, but here the competitor made the mistake of placing one of the boats on shore.

SECOND PRIZE: From I. F. Carr, Teignmouth, Devon

The third prizewinner, who receives £2, is R. Nash of Enbrook Villa, Hillside, Sandgate, Kent. This attempt is decidedly praiseworthy, but the placing of one of the boats in an impossible position seriously marred the final effect. Many of the other entries received were more ingenious than artistic. Some of the competitors turned the sea wall into the sails of the boats and placed the fisherfolk in the most fantastic positions. In one entry one of the boats was turned into an immense bridge, resembling the famous structure across Sydney harbour, while another competitor picturesquely piled the buildings to the skyline.

THIRD PRIZE: From R. Nash, Sandgate, Kent

AN INGENIOUS VARIATION: It will be noted that one of the boats has been made into a great high level bridge, and that the small promenade has been turned into a road

HONOURABLY MENTIONED

G. S. Raffan, Lowfield Heath, Surrey; J. E. Budden, Sefton Road, Croydon; W. G. Whicker, Khartum, Sudan; Lois Walter, Crowhurst, Haywards Heath, Sussex; F. D. Biggs, Bath, Somerset; H. E. Hall, Spanish Town, Jamaica; C. T. M. Lowe, Benton, Northumberland; P. Rymer, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Alice Hope, Ashford, Kent; W. H. Cotterell, Walsall; I. Allen, Pen-y-lan Hill, Cardiff; Alice Zambra, Sevenoaks; L. W. Ryland, Bromsgrove; Nigel Bruce, 7, Onslow Gardens, London; D. Lewis, Faversham, Kent; J. K. Massey, Foxdale, Isle of Man; H. W. Currie, Bracknell, Berks; Molly Catchpole, Ipswich, Suffolk; E. M. Morris, Enfield, Middlesex; Ruby Burt, Spring Bank, Hull; S. de L'Etoille Roberts, Pont Rémy, France; A. V. Bramble, Emsworth, Hants; Mary S. Herbert, Knebworth, Herts; Jocelyn Barber, Beauregard, Guernsey; Thomas Hill, Bolton, Lancs; the Rev. Godfrey Harvey, London Road, Deal; Mrs. Harold Dare, Neuilly-sur-Seine, France; P. H. Orme, Ilford, Essex; J. Pavey Smith, Harrogate; F. S. Cooper, Marcus, Washington, U.S.A.; R. B. Stoney, Parkstone, Dorset.

FERTILE INVENTION: Here part of the embankment has been used to make sails for the boats

AN ENTRY FROM CHINA: This competitor at Kuling displayed considerable ingenuity, but quite evidently has little knowledge of fishing craft

A BOOK LIST

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BIG BUSINESSES (II)

(Continued from p. 198)

collections as a result of the purchases of the buyers. Naturally the cost of a collection depends very largely on the amount of expensive furs and fur trimmings shown. But on an average you can take it that £5,000 is the figure. So if the buyers purchase that amount, or even three-quarters that amount, of dresses the proprietor is very happy.

In their order of importance after the Americans come the Italian buyers followed by Spain, South America (once again), Germany and, last of all, England. It appears that, despite all the talk of the success and popularity of American dress designers in the United States, there have been just as many buyers with just as much money, not to mention just as many copyists, who have come over from New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia this year. "The buyers," said Schiaparelli, "form the bridge between us and the public. They are very useful to us, particularly as they come over in January and February which are the dead months for our private clientele. But don't imagine that we can exist on what they spend on us.

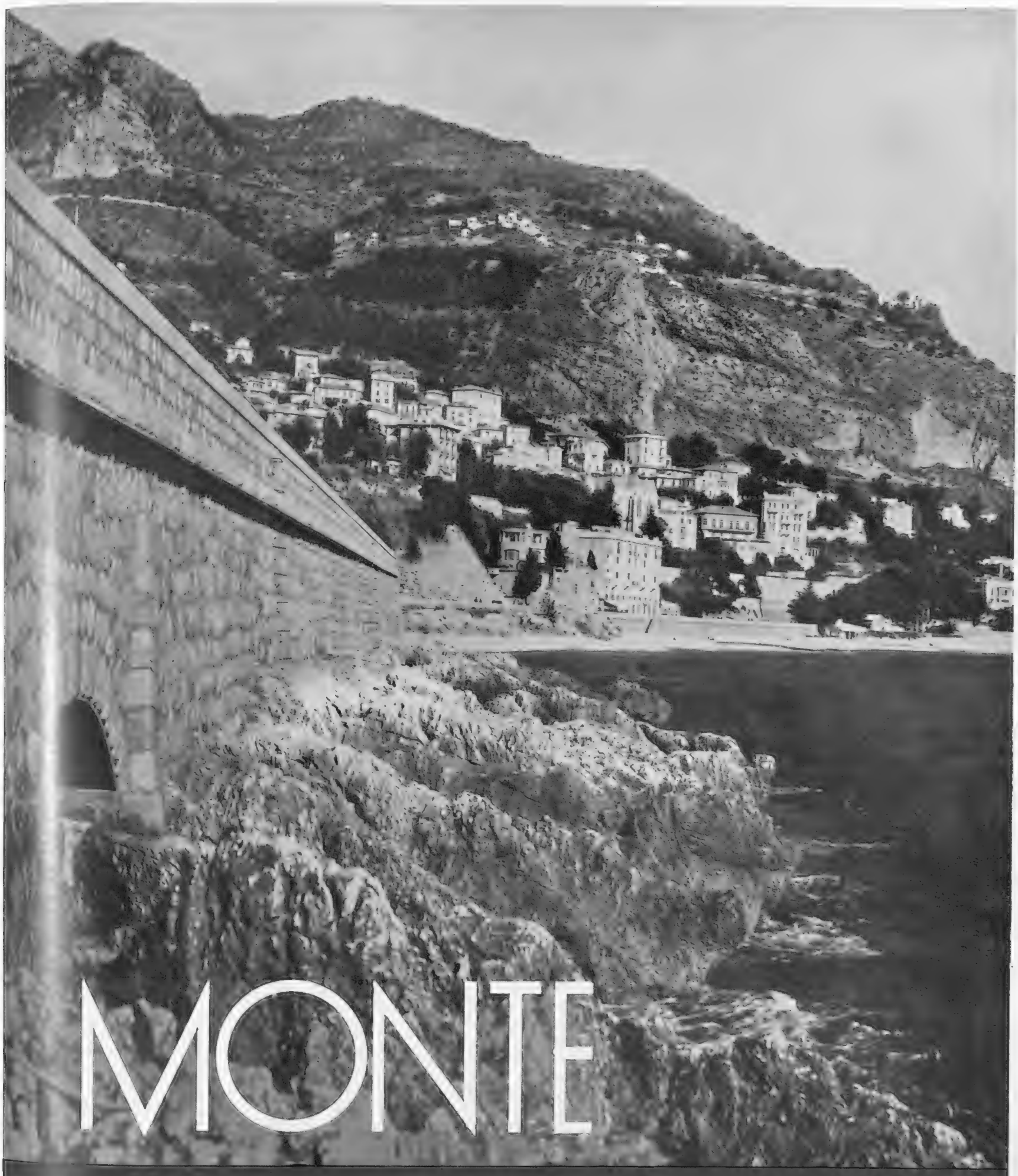
She laughed. "It is good that I still have my sense of humour. If one cannot make any money nowadays with France on the gold standard, at least I can have some fun with my collection—that is the main point. The reason why several well-known houses in Paris have failed recently is because their proprietors, like some journalists, started to take themselves too seriously. That is the greatest possible mistake. Don't you agree?" I did and I do. Indeed, I always have done so.

PICTURE LOVERS

(Continued from p. 206)

of Mrs. Duff, the wife of Colonel Duff of Fetteresso, and another of Lieut.-Colonel Morrison of the Light Dragoons. Among the old masters there is an interesting picture by Mabuse of Canon Jean de Carondelet, who was at one time Canon of St. Donatian at Bruges (the church said to be founded by Count Baldwin of Flanders and entirely destroyed by the French Revolutionary Army) and secretary to the Emperor Charles V. He died in 1545, and was buried at Bruges. A portrait of about the same period, by Christophe Amberger, a German artist who worked at Augsburg, of Matthäus Schwarz, a fellow-citizen of Augsburg, shows a fascinating figure of a man who delighted in dress.

Though engaged in business, working for the celebrated house of the Fuggers, he found time to give a description of all the dresses he had worn on important occasions from his childhood upwards, which can be seen in an illuminated manuscript in the ducal library of Wolfenbüttel. His wife was also painted by Amberger, and the pair can be bought at Messrs. Christie's on May 11. Among the works of Italian artists represented is a portrait of a gentleman by Tintoretto, and a large picture, entitled "Volto Santo di Lucca," by Cosimo Rosselli, one of the Florentine artists summoned by Pope Sixtus IV to paint the frescoes on the walls of the Sistine Chapel.



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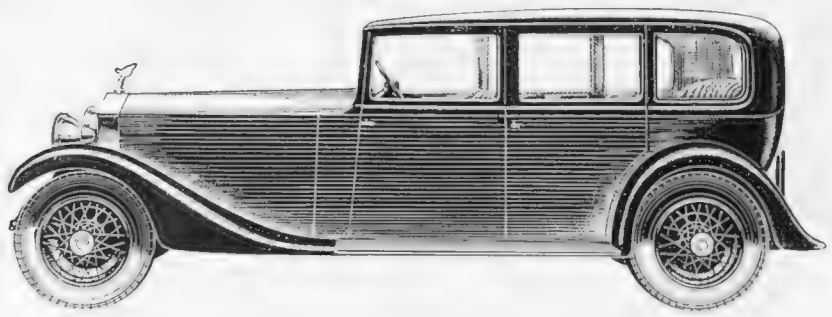
At the Exhibition of Modern Living at Whiteleys one comes first to the section devoted to flooring and wall-coverings—the background on which everything else is dependent. According to the state of the walls you can choose plaster, building-boards (both of which, treated in certain ways, can cover a multitude of sins), wood veneers, wood panels, tiles, washable wallpaper, or reconstructed marble. Concrete, cork, rubber, stone, marble, composition and wood floorings provide mediums that will meet any emergency and are as varied in price as in effect.

Next lighting, heating, and all the latest labour-saving apparatus of modern living. Thence, the structural decorations being completed, one comes to chairs and tables. Here is depicted the rational use of chromium allied with leather, brightly coloured, spongeable, canvas, or tweed. Or, in the case of tables, with wood, used with the utmost simplicity, or glass. Nest-up chairs and armchairs, which are fitted as closely as a glove one above the other in tiers of three, provide a solution to the problem of floor surfaces that have to be kept clear.

Fabrics and rugs provide inspiration for a host of colour schemes. The way in which they are displayed is shown on the left. Plaids, taffetas, tweeds, striped cottons, glazed chintz, heavy artificial silks, and two-tone colour weaves in wool, linen, and jute suggest treatments for any type of window no matter what its aspect.

Finally, one can inspect undisturbed the furniture, glass, china, and decoration, to find them all assembled in their proper place and relationship in the week-end house, one of the bedrooms of which is shown on the right. The combination of colour with colour, of this shape and that texture, is left to individual discrimination, and the result is something that is full of interest, whether one is planning a new house or endeavouring to modernize an old one.



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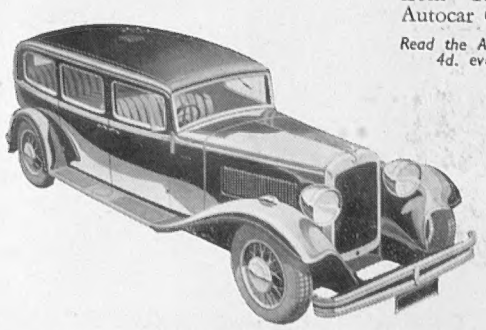

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THE OLDEST STAINED GLASS WINDOW IN THE WORLD

THE SOUTH WALL OF THE SAXON CHANCEL showing on the extreme right the tiny window where the ancient inscription has recently been found

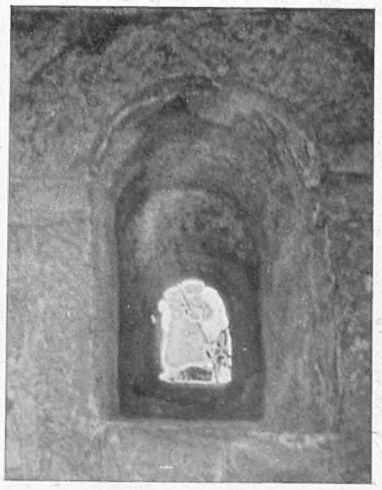
The interest of the centuries-old church of St. Paul, Jarrow-on-Tyne—always a lodestone to the antiquarian and the sightseer—has been intensified by the recent discovery of an inscription.

This inscription, which was uncovered during cleaning operations, is on the lower part of a tiny window sunk deep in the south wall of the Saxon chancel of the church.

THE OLD SAXON CHURCH OF ST. PAUL AT JARROW-ON-TYNE: It was founded in A.D. 681

The inscription runs "In festa St. Georgii consecrata DCLXXXV." From this date it is surmised that the window is the oldest stained glass window in the world.

The most easterly of three in the wall, it depicts St. George slaying a dragon, the colouring being rich yet soft red, blue, and white. The middle window, which is smaller still, merely the size of the crimson fleur-de-lys it portrays, is probably of the same date and workmanship, while the third and largest may be somewhat more recent.

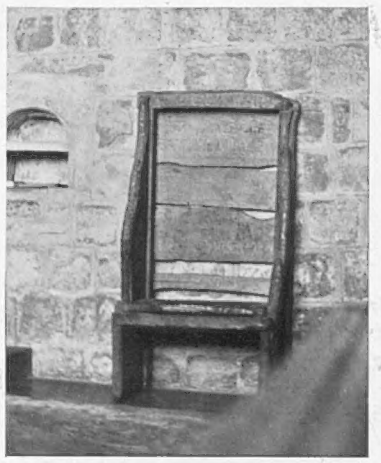


ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON are depicted on this tiny window which bears the date 685

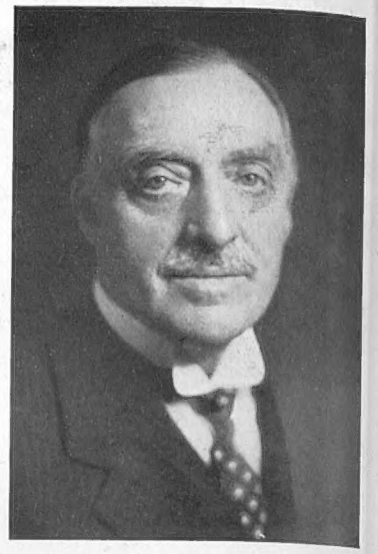
Jarrow Church was founded, together with an adjacent monastery, now mere ruins, in 681, by Benedict Biscop, a monk from Lindisfarne, and was dedicated four years later by Ceolfrid, the first abbot. At the height of its prosperity, the monastery housed as many as 600 monks, of whom the most renowned was Bede, the Venerable. Bede came to the monastery in 684 as a child student, and remained there devoting his life to teaching and writing till he died in 735.

In his writings Bede recorded that Biscop, who was greatly travelled and a lover of the beautiful, imported some French glaziers into this country, in order that they might teach their craft to the English, to whom it was at that time unknown. The little windows nearly twelve-and-a-half centuries old, in Jarrow Church, are undoubtedly among the first fruits of their work in this country, or else of that of their northern apprentices.

Another treasure of this ancient building is the dedication stone, said to be the only one of its kind in Western Europe. It is inscribed in Latin, and translated, reads, "The dedication of the Church of St. Paul on the 9th of the Kalends of May, in the 15th year of King Egfrid and the 4th year of Ceolfrid, abbot, and under God the founder of the same church." This date, which was 685, coincides with that lately discovered on the window.



AXE-HEWN CHAIR at the Church of St. Paul, ascribed to St. Bede



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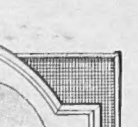

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